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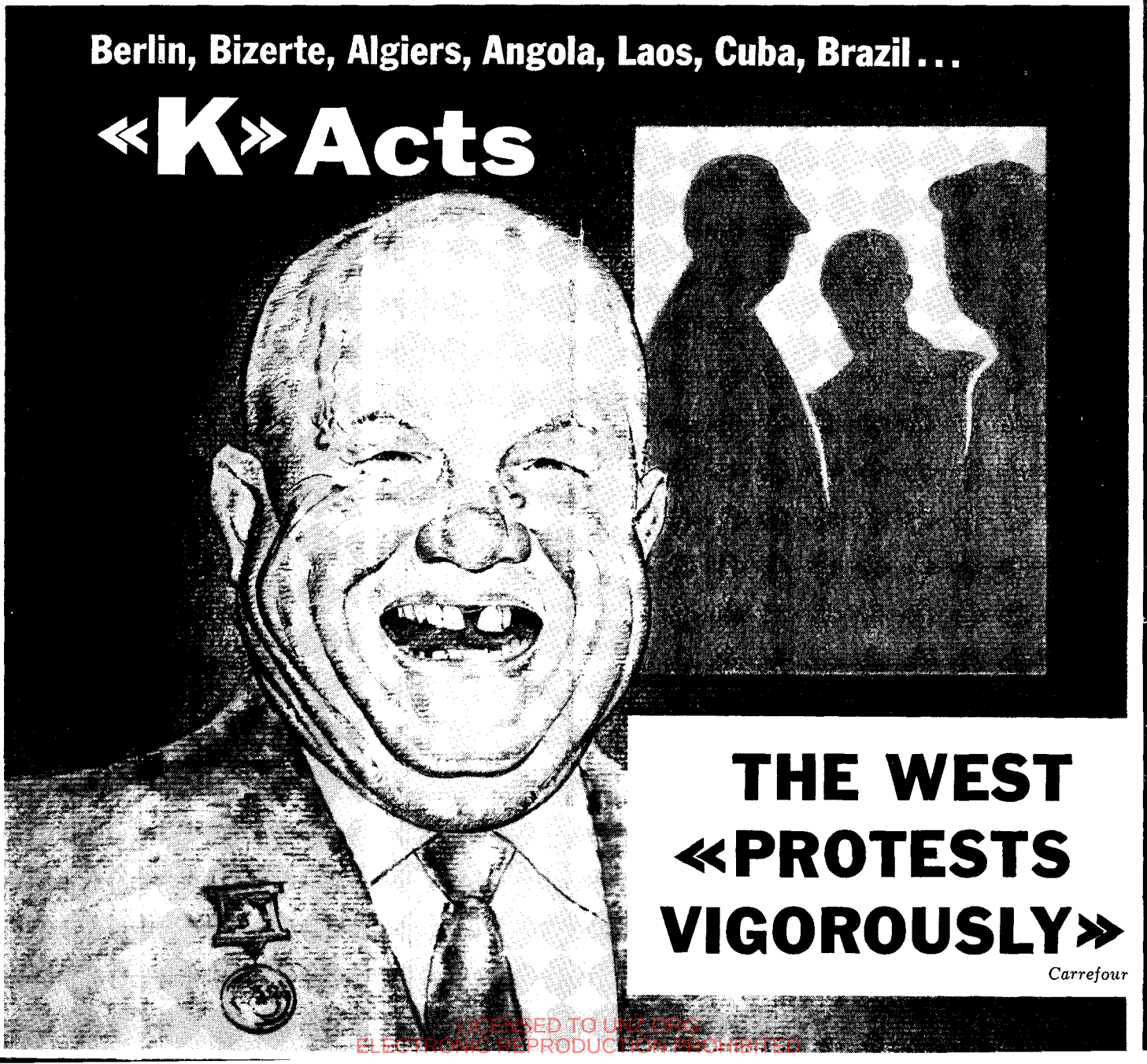

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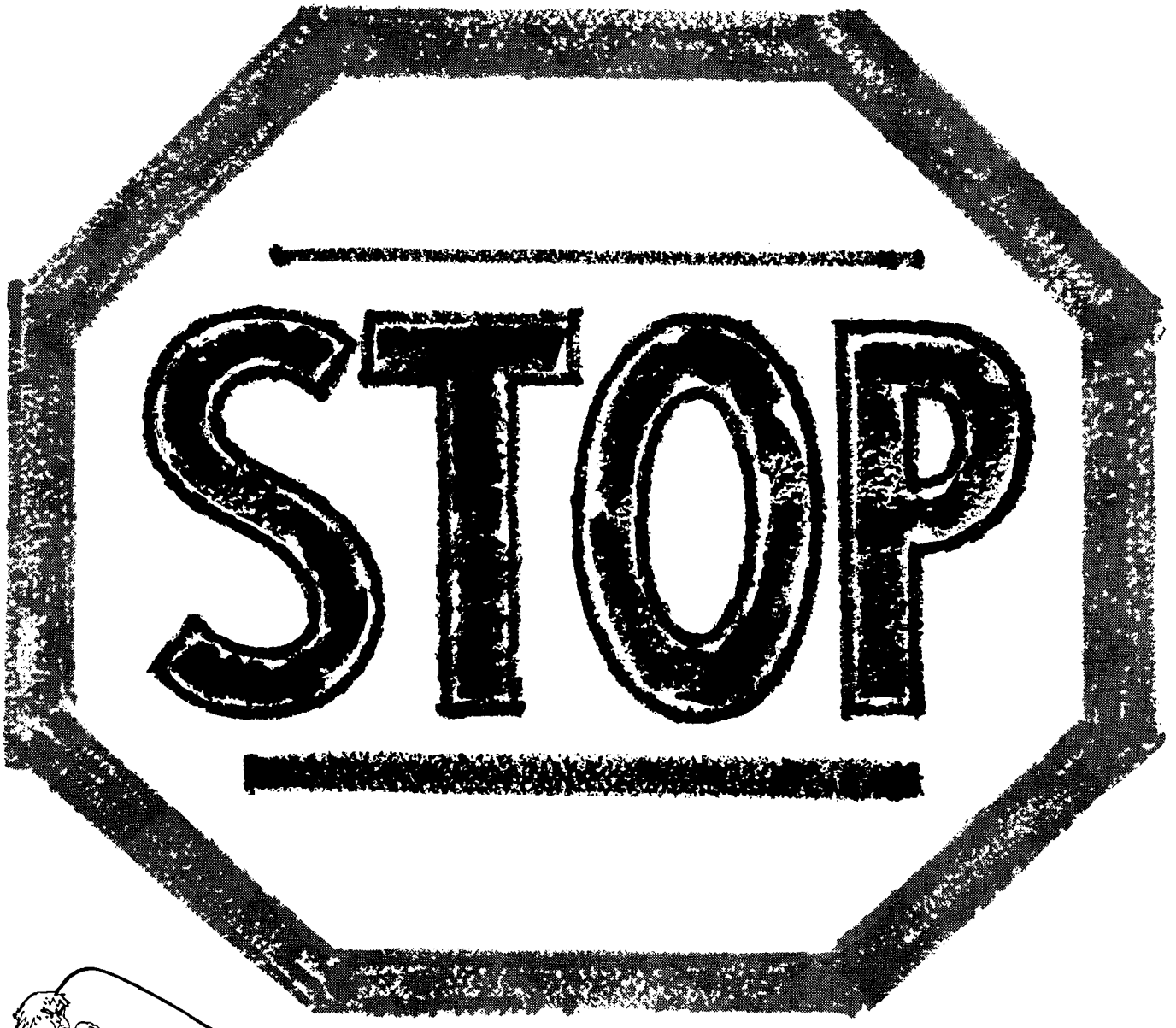

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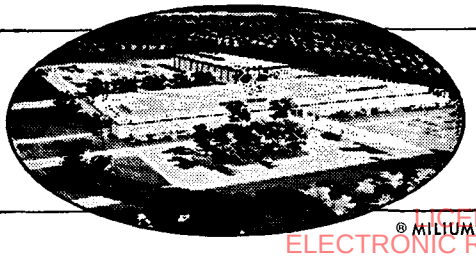

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc. at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.).

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All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone OREgon 9-7330

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 36-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue . . .

➔ we feature, God bless us, a new columnist. As it is, we publish, regularly, columns on National Strategy (J. Burnham), Education (R. Kirk and—irregularly—W. Buckley), Truths and Untruths (F. Meyer), the Continent (E. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn), **National Affairs** (B. Bozell, or alternate), Men and Manners (F. Russell, etc.). But we have long been delinquent in publishing a regular column on religion, and so we have asked to take on that difficult assignment one of the most prominent theologians in America, Dr. **Will Herberg,** professor of Judaic Studies and Social Philosophy at Drew University, one of the best read philosophers on the national scene and, *mirabile dictu,* a most readable writer. Dr. Herberg is the author of several books, among them *Catholic-Protestant-Jew.* He will write in every other issue on important religious questions and developments in the West.

➔ Mr. **Arnold Beichman** is a proficient and prolific journalist, among the most informed anti-Communists in the country. He is affiliated with the AFL-CIO, and writes regularly for the *Christian Science Monitor.* He has a complaint to make against *NR:* We are, he says, anti-labor, in a truly uninformed sense. He states his case, and we comment on it in the editorial pages (See "Mr. Beichman Objects"). . . . **Priscilla Buckley** wonders whether the American Association of University Professors intends to do anything for Professor Sittler, a reformed Nazi, before he reaches the age of retirement, which means the AAUP has only fifteen years or so to go before proving its disinterested concern for the principles of academic freedom.

➔ **Lee Edwards** is the son of Willard, a gifted member of the gifted Washington staff of the *Chicago Tribune.* He has worked for Senator Butler as press secretary and is editor of the *New Guard,* national publication of the Young Americans for Freedom. He writes from Berlin. . . . **Frank Meyer,** whose book *Why Freedom?* will be delayed on account of his wife's recent bout with pneumonia, discusses the strange grounds on which *Commonweal* (a journal which is 2/3ds ADA, 1/3 RC) objects to Brent Bozell's recent inquiry into the unholy bases of ritualistic Liberal Catholicism. . . .

➔ **John Abbot Clark,** professor of English at Michigan State University, wrote his review of Mencken's letters a few days before the unexpected and tragic death of his devoted wife, Thelma. . . . Professor **Helmut Schoeck** has written or contributed to no less than ten books, and teaches sociology at Emory University, in Atlanta. He writes about what may prove the most important challenge to Freud from a member of the psychiatric fraternity, the new book by Dr. Thomas Szasz. . . . **J. Gregory Dunne,** contributing editor to *Time* Magazine (who says we're not tolerant?), isn't so sure he's glad he wound up on the tony side of the tracks in Hartford, Conn. ➔

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WILL YOU HELP BLOCK RED CHINA'S ADMISSION TO THE UNITED NATIONS?

The crucial hour has come: *this* fall, World Communism makes its big push to give Red China the UN seat of our faithful ally, Free China. The "softening-up" process gains momentum daily—even in the *American* press. And who is our Horatio-at-the-bridge? Adlai Stevenson.

Nothing short of a tremendous ground-swell of American public opinion will ensure Communism's defeat on this vital issue. "World Opinion"? "Neutrals"? Even many of our "Allies"? No—we can *only* count on ourselves. Yet *that is enough.* If necessary, the U.S. veto *alone* can stop Red China. Americans must see to it that their government has the *will* to use it.

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RED CHINA —OUTLAW

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- hear Sen. Thomas Dodd detail Red China's legal ineligibility for UN membership
- hear Sen. Paul Douglas recommend that, if necessary, we use our veto for the first time to stop Red China's bid for admission

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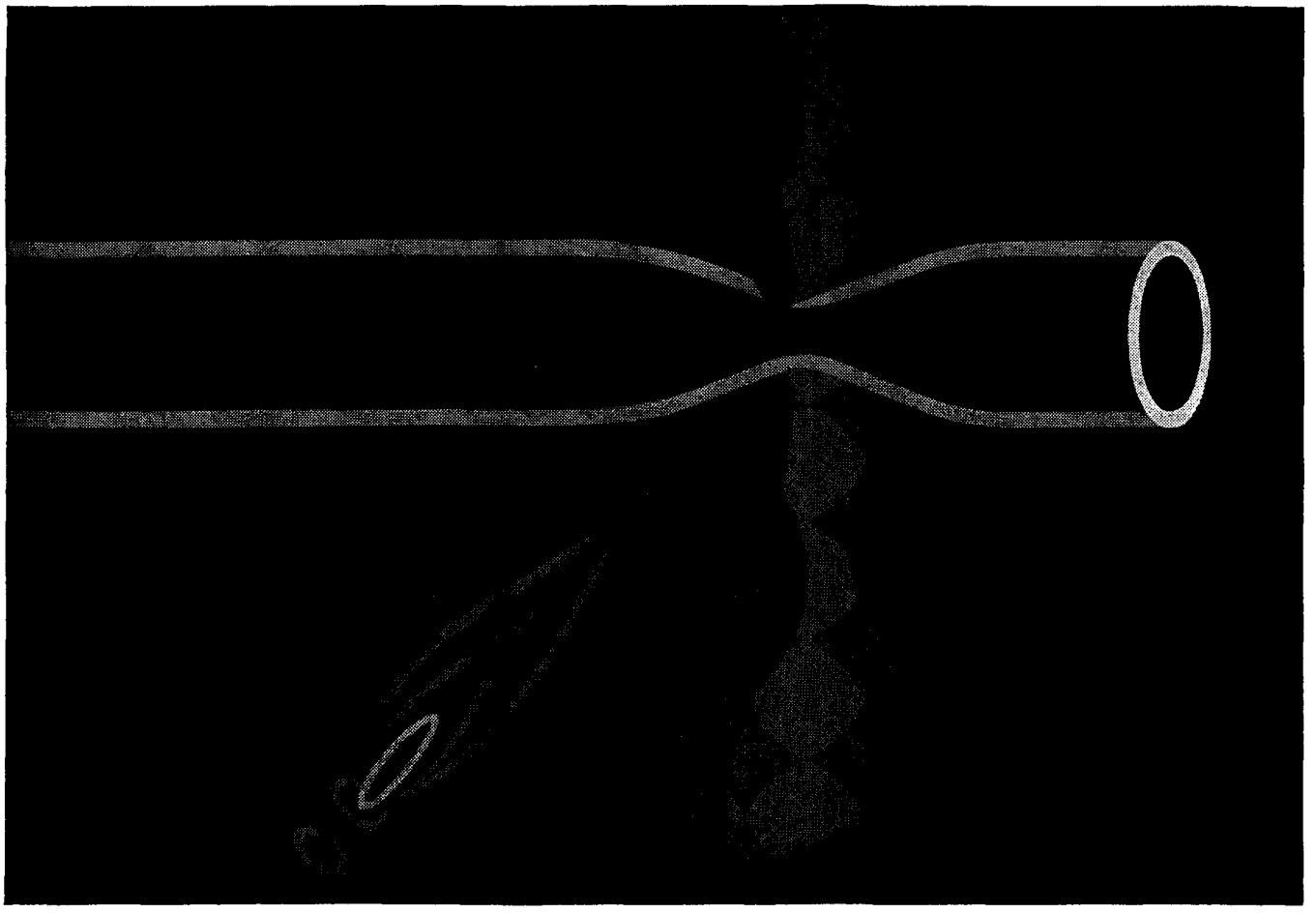

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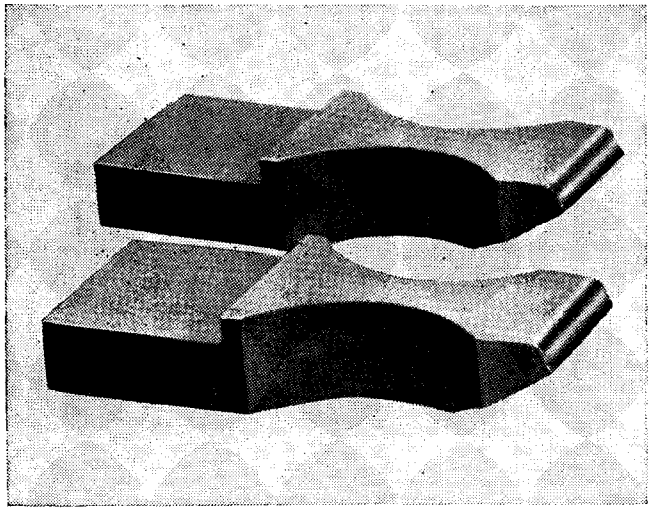

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The WEEK

● Running the rounds in lollipop circles: a comic book on Caroline Kennedy and Jack and Jackie. A high point in the slop occurs when the President is entitled the "Conqueror of Pain." He didn't conquer pain; he nationalized it.

● In an editorial (Sept. 22), the *New York Times* fairly slobbers with joy at Newburgh's "apparent" retreat from its new welfare proposals—proposals described as an evasion of social responsibility and an obnoxious, cruel, medieval (what? not bourgeois?), uncivilized, indecent "blueprint for misery." Meanwhile Newburgh's city manager Joseph Mitchell has called for a state-wide referendum on the following proposals: that local welfare authorities should make all welfare policies; that state and federal authority be limited to auditing local welfare expenditures; that the New York State Board of Social Welfare be abolished; that in its place a Commissioner of Public Welfare be appointed to advise the Governor and send information to welfare districts; that state and federal audits be independent of the Department of Welfare; that all welfare laws prohibit state and federal intervention in local welfare policies; that appeals under the welfare laws be taken to local appeal boards, with final jurisdiction in the courts. Simultaneously with Mitchell's call, New York's Monroe County welfare director William Woods announced that welfare officials in Florida and Georgia had paid their welfare recipients to travel north to get on New York's plushy relief rolls. Mitchell's proposals rest on the assumption that the local people would knock some sense into the welfare business if they regained control of it. The *New York Times*, horrified by such democratic notions, falls back on abuse and distortion. For the report of Newburgh's death is quite obviously exaggerated.

● The German government, on the grounds that any matter affecting the morale and reputation of the U.S. Army in Germany is, under the relevant theories, a legal concern of West Germany, took over and became the plaintiff in the suit which General Edwin A. Walker had brought against *Overseas Weekly* reporter Siegfried Naujocks for slander. Naujocks had told three members of Walker's former command that the general was insane: so crazy that, Naujocks had intimated, he might someday turn his cannons on the town of Augsburg. Last week, a Bavarian court found Naujocks guilty of three counts of criminal slander, gave him the choice of paying a $300 fine or serving 30 days in police custody, and ordered him to pay court costs—an estimated $10,000. U.S. Army Headquarters in Europe immediately ordered Naujocks banned from all bases. But it has yet to take any action against Naujocks' employer, the *Overseas Weekly*, which continues to be distributed to army units throughout Europe by *Stars and Stripes* trucks.

● South Africa, according to the *New York Times* (September 10, "Review of the Week," page 3), is a "non-aligned" country; and so is Cuba. On the other hand, South Africa, according to the *Times* (September 17, "Review of the Week," page 3), is in the Western bloc; but Cuba is still non-aligned. Fact be damned: it's the alignment of the typesetter that really counts these days.

● When Nikita Khrushchev wants to put one over, he looks around for a suitable dupe and then baits his hook. Last week, it was Belgium Foreign Minister, Socialist Paul-Henri Spaak, who took the lure. He reported to NATO that he had learned during a five hour conversation he had had with Khrushchev the week before that the Soviet boss was ready to meet at any time with the leaders of the West to talk over not only the German situation but all manner of other East-West problems. Khrushchev had also implied to Spaak that he might not, after all, go ahead and sign a peace treaty with East Germany before the end of the year, as he has been threatening. This was the other Nikita, old sweet-reasonableness itself, which Khrushchev has decided should be put forward at this moment lest the West, in desperation against the recent battering from the East, brace up too much. From all reports, Spaak played his role superbly.

● We have seen the trial run of an exciting Canadian conservative monthly, the first official issue of which will be launched in October. Canada clearly needs an urbane and well-written publication which is toughly anti-Communist, intelligently pro free market, and alive to the meaning of current human experience. *Canada Month* looks as though it may supply the need. It is also encouraging that the forerunner issue is chock-full of advertising. Address inquiries to P.O. Box 202, Montreal 3, Quebec. A year's subscription is $3.25.

● Last autumn the Blair Golf Club (Blair, Nebraska), took fourteen acres out of corn and milo and seeded them to fairway crops. "The club qualifies in every respect under the feed-grain law," says Mr. Roland P. Smith, manager of the Blair Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Office. That's why the club got $228.20 from Uncle Sam last spring and will get a little more this fall. That's why the feed-grain law

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qualifies in every respect as an act of folly, and why the man with the hoe is bowed down: he's trying to hit a golf ball with it.

● In Washington, D.C., at a party whooping it up for the Ghanaian National Founder's Day, Soapy Williams adorned himself with a black bow tie with a white giraffe on one side and a white rhinoceros on the other. His hosts were kind to all three dumb animals.

● Serious students of Edmund Burke, the founder of modern political conservatism, may now buy (for $2) in hard cover the first eight numbers of the "Burke Newsletter" as originally serialized in *Modern Age*. For continuing coverage of books, articles, and activities on or related to Burke, the "Newsletter" is now available at $2 a year. Address inquiries in either case to the hydrographer of the conservative fountainhead: Dr. Peter J. Stanlis, Dept. of English, Univ. of Detroit, Detroit 21, Michigan.

● The problem: an increasing deficit in the United States international payments, exemplified and intensified by the growing interest of domestic airlines in British and French jet transports (TWA and United have bought 20 Caravelles). Partial solution offered by the Kennedy Administration: reduce from $500 to $100 the value of foreign goods tourists may bring home free of duty—a "solution" that has created jobs for several hundred fresh new bureaucrats in the Customs Office, whose pay will undoubtedly increase the federal deficit by hundreds of times the incremental customs duties collected. Stay after school, Mr. President, and write out 100 billion times, "The trouble with our interest payments is that we give away more than we earn in trade; the trouble with our trade balance is that our costs are too high; costs are too high because they must cover the demands of a gluttonous tax system and a monopolistic labor movement; the cure is to reform our tax laws to encourage investment and production, and to put the labor unions under the anti-trust laws." Here's the chalk. Start scratching.

● The new $10 million office building for New York's tax department in Albany will have a fallout shelter for its 3,700 employees. Wonder what would happen to tax rates if nobody survived but the tax collectors?

● It is always a temptation
To a rich and lazy nation
To puff and look important and to say:
Though we know we could have beat you
We have not the time to meet you
We will therefore pay you cash and go away.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Rhetoric and Policy

Why did the President decide to speak to the General Assembly? What, specifically, did he expect to accomplish, for himself, for the nation which chose him as its chief magistrate, or perhaps for some larger if vaguer entity—the UN itself, mankind? What, that is to say, was his goal, his target? It is not easy to answer from the text of his address.

"A Great Speech, Mr. President," gushed the editorialist of the *New York Herald Tribune* next morning. "Comprehensiveness . . . dignity . . . vigorous phrases." "A great state paper by reason of [*primo*] its happy facility of phrase," found the *Washington Post*. "Penetrating, measured . . . brilliantly outlined the American position . . . firm . . . positive . . . direct," were among the judgments rendered by the *New York Times*.

Let us examine a few of these vigorous phrases that have the happy facility of touching off such reassuring applause—your prose is fairest of them all—in the journalistic mirror.

"Were we to let [the UN] *die . . . we would condemn the future. For in the development of this organization rests the only true alternative to war."* (Is the UN, then, your *sole* hope for the future, Mr. President? Have you placed on it your entire stake? That is what you are saying, if you mean what you are saying.) *"Mankind must put an end to war—or war will put an end to mankind. . . . The weapons of war must be abolished before they abolish us. . . . For we prefer world law, and the age of self-determination, to world war, in the age of mass extermination . . . . Together we shall save our planet—or together we shall perish in its flames."* (The glib ghost-writing smell only accents the static emptiness of this banal and inexact idea as it is time after time repeated.) *"Already the UN has become both the measure and the vehicle of man's most generous impulses."* (Most generous? More generous, then, than found in family, Church, or the works of mercy?) *"It is therefore our intention to challenge the Soviet Union, not to an arms race, but to a peace race."* (The mechanics of the prose slips into TV's nursery school jargon.) *"Even the three horses of the troika did not have three drivers. . . . They had only one—and so must the UN executive."* (The image dissolves on contact. Why can't the Charter, or the General Assembly, be the one driver for a UN troika?) *"Terror is not a new weapon. Throughout history it has been used by those who could not prevail through persuasion or example. But inevitably they fail."* (So it is the lesson of history that persuasion and example always triumph? Of what history, Mr. President? Surely not the grim and bloody history of mankind. And how did the terror end, in those instances when finally it did end?

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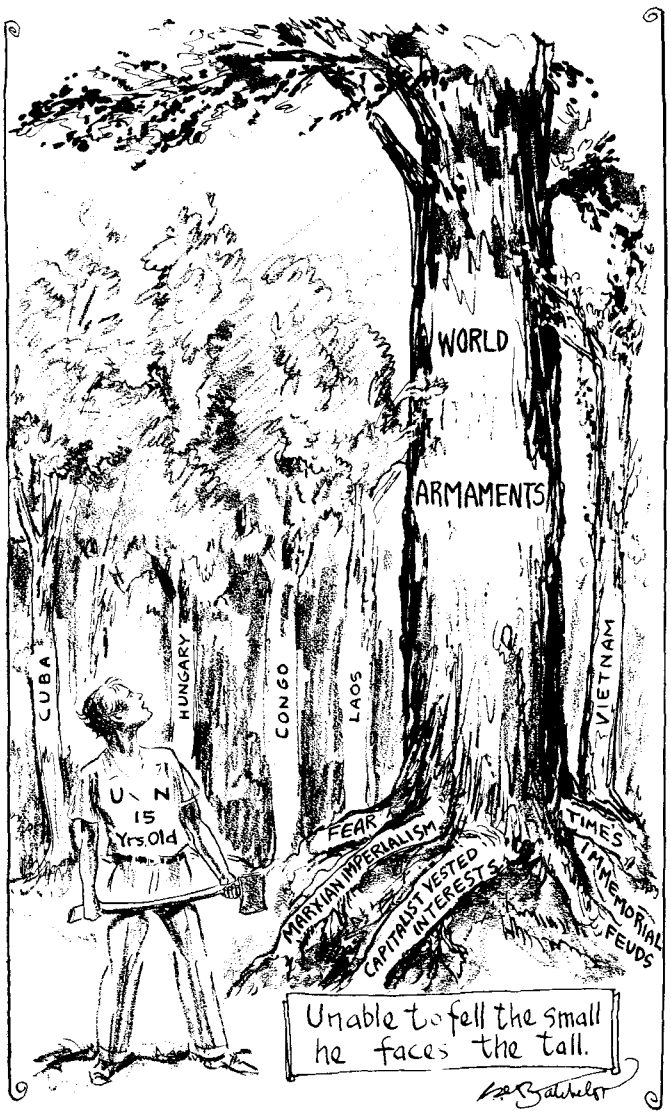
Was it persuasion that led Robespierre to end his terror? Did Boris Godunov—one of whose deeds you cited in the course of your speech—stop on noting a peaceable example?)

But these are pedantic quibbles? The President didn't really mean these sentences to be taken quite so literally. They are just . . . just rhetoric, the kind of rhetoric *everybody* uses. That, of course, is the trouble: they are "just rhetoric"—that is to say, debased and bad rhetoric—and it is true that nearly everybody in our time has come to use it.

This rhetoric is debased because it serves not to enhance the accurate statement of truths and goals, but to dress up half-truths, becloud issues, and conceal the absence of significant goal and purpose. When you think it over, what could a lot of talk about disarmament, however splendid its rhetoric, have to do in any event with the real problems which the Assembly delegates confront? Is disarmament going to bring order to the Congo? Arrange the successor to Hammarskjold? Clear up the troubles in Germany and Laos? Solve the dispute over admitting Peiping?



At one point only did the rhetoric suddenly take life—not from any smartly balanced antithesis or surface paradox, but because an underlying truth and moral force took command of the words: when Mr. Kennedy explained and condemned the colonialism of the Communist empire. This was the one section, alas for "the image," that roused the "disappointment" (reported the *New York Times*) of the "non-aligned" majority of this vehicle of man's most generous impulses, without which we would condemn the future. "Except for this point [the Asians and Africans] were pleased by the speech." Naturally. Except for that point, the speech didn't commit them—that is, didn't "align" them—with anything or anyone.

The rhetorical emptiness of all that disarmament and UN rhetoric was ironically exposed near the speech's end. "As President of the United States, I consider it my duty to report to this Assembly on two threats to the peace which are not on your crowded agenda. . . ." What is this? "Threats to peace" and "*not* on the agenda"! Not on that enormous agenda of more than a hundred items and ten thousand subheads? But isn't this the organization that *exists* to deal with threats to peace, that is "the only true alternative to war"?

And what are these two threats to peace that have been overlooked in the brouhaha of the new Assembly session? Berlin and Southeast Asia: the two, that is, and the only two that do in actuality threaten large-scale, perhaps general, war.

In Vino Veritas?

We do not know whether General Lucius Clay was speaking under the influence of orders or alcohol when he told newsmen at the cocktail party welcoming him to Berlin that the time has come to accept "the reality of two Germanys" and the fact that East Germany will exercise the controls over the Berlin corridor. But whether he was drunk or sober, it's our guess he was speaking Washington's mind.

As the *NR Bulletin* explained immediately after the event, our response to the August 13 closing of the Berlin sector boundary set the all but irreversible political direction. By his action that night, "Khrushchev was tearing up the four-power agreements defining the status of Berlin . . . and simultaneously transforming East Germany into a sovereign state, so that the peace treaty promised for later this year becomes a mere formality. The East German regime at once expressed the new relations by . . . enforcing controls at the sector boundary. By doing nothing, the West accepted the political meaning as well as

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the physical consequences of the Khrushchev-Ulbricht actions." (It has just been revealed that on the day of closing, ammunition was issued only to the officers in the East German militia ordered to the boundary: which means that the Communists had decided *not* to fight if we had reacted with something less craven than "vigorous protests.")

After West German furor over this cocktail leakage, Gen. Clay "clarified" his remarks, this time at a formal news conference: "We propose to maintain the rights of access on the ground for Allied personnel and keep the use of the air corridors completely free." "Clarified" is the correct term, for once, for nothing in his public words contradicted the private conversation. We are prepared to give way on all the host of points at issue—four-power control over all Berlin, freedom of circulation within Berlin, recognition (*de facto* at least) of East Germany, East German authority over the corridors, propaganda broadcasts, reunification, even (apparently) "access on the ground" for German citizens. We beg Khrushchev only to spare us utter humiliation by permitting the bare token of semi-open corridors to West Berlin from West Germany. The President's UN address confirms this meager minimum, implying such a maximum of concessions. We seek "a peaceful agreement. . . . which protects the freedom of West Berlin and allied presence and access," and that seems to be all. Even with respect to that, he hastily added: "We are committed to no rigid formula . . . while recognizing the historic and legitimate interest of others."

Once again the Communists have succeeded in their favorite gambit. The Zone of Peace (their zone) remains always inviolate. They raise a ruckus in the Zone of War (our zone), and put forward a slew of demands. Everyone then calls for "reducing the tensions" by "negotiating a compromise." We negotiate, and we compromise. That is, we grant them half or two-thirds or nine-tenths of what they have asked, and we "win" one-tenth. Until the next round.

So far as the Berlin crisis goes, we repeat what we wrote a month ago. It is behind, not ahead of us. Its climax took place and its outcome was assured August 13. After that, it was all over but the whimpering.

'No' and 'No'

Congress is going home, having got more credit than it deserves for having said "No" to Jack Kennedy's legislative proposals. "No" it did say several times, and on some things that matter: the school aid bill was defeated, Congress retains its prerogative power to reconsider its foreign aid appropriations annually, the Hanford public power project was stopped; and we may well congratulate ourselves on all these instances of resistance to executive self-aggrandizement. But there are important distinctions to be drawn here, namely, between saying "No" and putting up a genuine opposition, between the occasional sporadic and staccato "No" that merely blocks this or that piece of bad legislation, and the continuous and sustained "No," rooted in principle and in a developing philosophy, that might force thoughtful reconsideration of the whole disastrous line of policy that Mr. Kennedy and his advisers have brought to Washington. Of such a "No" there is no sign or suggestion, so that we should hear less from now on, and be the wiser for it, of the idea that what the Republican Party needed, in order to learn to speak the language of statesmanship, was for the Democrats to be in power.

Statesmanship is compounded of one part brains, one part imagination, and one part courage, and the Republican leadership, as we have seen it these months, seems to be lacking the right balance of the three.

Storm Warnings in Vienna

In Vienna the International Monetary Fund conference has ended. Said the *Economist* of London, "Perhaps the most notable feature has been its sober mood." Sober indeed, because the United States dollar, the key currency of the West, has foundered. Thanks to the charity of our allies the dollar survived last year's run, to which fears of a Kennedy inflation contributed. Those fears have found justification in the Administration's constant upward revisions of its estimates of domestic deficits and international payment imbalances: at home we are now told the 1962 deficit will be around $6 billion, and Secretary Dillon now says the 1961 payments outflow will hit almost $2 billion. Foreign claims now equal the U.S. gold supply. The U.S. cannot afford another run on the dollar. Neither can foreigners—as long as the dollar remains a key currency—because they in turn have pyramided their currencies on top of their dollar claims. Therefore, the IMF conference: to support the United States currency. Therein, the first official worldwide admission that the dollar is sick.

The U.S. (with Britain, whose pound looks pale) proposed that the IMF members loan $5 billion worth of their currencies to the IMF so that the U.S. might borrow them at any time to meet the commonly foreseen emergency. It also proposed that members of the IMF count their reserves in the IMF when calculating the official reserves for their domestic currency. France, Germany, and the Netherlands led the successful assault on these two schemes. Wilfrid Baum-

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gartner, French Finance Minister said the principal task was for "each country to apply nationally a sound policy to ward off the recurrence of inflationary pressure," and promised that France would never loan its currency "to feed an engine of inflation" (France, from 1914 to 1958, learned what inflation is). Dr. Blessing, president of the West German central bank, urged "monetary discipline at home" and said some countries that think "easy money and creeping inflation" are the key to prosperity would not like his advice. The general reluctance of European nations to proceed much further in supporting the dollar results from their growing (and increasingly articulated) conviction that the U.S. has embarked on a fiscal program of stupendous irresponsibility. Therein, the most stunningly merited international chastisement the U.S. has ever received.

The conference agreed in principle that eleven nations (the U.S., Britain, West Germany, Canada, Japan, Sweden, Austria, France, Belgium, Italy, Netherlands) will make loans to the IMF to support the dollar—with as yet unspecified stipulations. President Kennedy and his inflation-creepers are now forewarned. Any more of this madness and our allies will start dropping away. Nay, the West may collapse *in toto*: for it was thirty years ago, when the then key currency of the Kreditanstalt of Austria collapsed, that the Continent and the U.S entered the great depths. The President has called for sacrifice. One alone need be offered up: his own economic illusions.

Memorandum:

To: Managing Editor, *New York Times*
From: *NR*
Re: Your reputation as an objective newspaper

1) On Thursday evening, September 21, the Committee of One Million (Against the Admission of Red China to the United Nations) conducted a meeting in Carnegie Hall to protest the movement for the admission of Red China to the United Nations. At that meeting three of the most prominent legislators in America spoke: Congressman Walter, Congressman Judd, Senator Dodd. Telegrams were received, and read aloud to an audience of 3,000 from former President Dwight Eisenhower, from former Vice President Richard Nixon, from former President Herbert Hoover, from Senator Goldwater, among others. Representatives from a half dozen United Nations delegations occupied boxes, and were introduced to the public. A message, beamed to the audience that morning from Madame Chiang Kai-shek in Taipei, was also heard.

Your coverage of the event: a dozen or so lines in the following day's paper.

2) On Saturday, September 23, 1,200 persons met at the St. Nicholas Arena, under the auspices of a Communist-front organization, to hear speeches from a handful of veteran Communist functionaries and Communist-front spokesmen decrying the Supreme Court's decision upholding the constitutionality of the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950.

Your coverage of the event: a long news story in the Sunday paper ("Rally Protests Anti-Red Rulings"), a second feature commentary ("Rally Links Christians to Reds As in Accord on Civil Rights").

Question: Is it only pro-Communist meetings that interest your readers?

Veni, (Vidal), Vici

Mr. Gore Vidal, the able and amusing playwright who has lately felt an afflatus to dramatize the imperative of the Americans for Democratic Action, last week accosted the publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW to charge: smear. Said he, "NATIONAL REVIEW recently referred to me as a 'Stakhanovite Liberal.' The ignorance of NATIONAL REVIEW's readers presupposes their ignorance of the meaning of the adjective. It was obviously the intention of the writer to imply that I am a Communist, of whatever faction. He obviously intended that your readers should think that Stakhanovite was, like Bolshevik, or Menshevik, merely another branch of Communism."

Well, well: NATIONAL REVIEW's readers may or may not each and every one of them know that Stakhanov was the celebrated coal miner who enormously increased his productive efficiency to advance one of Stalin's Five Year Plans, thereby becoming a symbol of Soviet socialist manhood and the eponym of the word that means prodigious feats of labor, but those who did not happen to understand the allusion, would never think NATIONAL REVIEW was suggesting Mr. Vidal was a Communist, because they know NATIONAL REVIEW's ways. Those whom we consider Communist, we designate as Communist. And if and when Mr. Vidal goes over to Communism, we will be there with our red branding-iron, quick to tattoo him with a highly visible "A" (our readers, Mr. Vidal, are undoubtedly familiar with *The Scarlet Letter* and will not be left thinking because we would brand you, maybe we meant them to think you're a cow). The thing of it is, Mr. Vidal refuses to credit the intelligence, or polemical integrity, of the gentlemen on his right, attributing to his opponents his own ignorant badmouthedness toward his political opponents. In short, he stands to learn from NATIONAL REVIEW lessons not only in political philosophy, but also in manners. We are glad, in pursuit of our objectives, to advance his education, and only pray that his ignorance is not invincible.

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Arnold Beichman Complains

(Or, A Short Commentary on Mr. Beichman's Scabbish Appearance Between National Review's Unbugged Covers)

Mr. Arnold Beichman makes a charge against NATIONAL REVIEW (page 227) which calls for a serious answer, not only because Mr. Beichman is a serious and intelligent man, with a no-nonsense record of anti-Communism difficult to match, but because we have heard it whispered on a number of other occasions, if never quite so emphatically: NATIONAL REVIEW is ANTI-LABOR.

Consider Mr. Beichman's argument. He says: NATIONAL REVIEW has continually given credit to the leadership of the AFL-CIO for its staunch anti-Communism in foreign policy, while severely criticizing the same people on their domestic policies. Our ambivalence, says Mr. Beichman, may at first blush seem rational: but actually, it is not rational. NATIONAL REVIEW does not understand that the sterling performance of American labor unions in respect of foreign policy is a necessary and true reflection of their total appetite for freedom, which they satisfy abroad by their consistent opposition to totalitarianism, and at home by their "melioristic" position toward the free enterprise system. "Meany's view on Communism is one coordinate which, taken with his view of America, the other coordinate, defines his faith and conviction." From all of which it *follows,* says Mr. Beichman, that "when you weaken the American labor movement for whatever reason you are weakening one of the major supports of American resistance to Communist totalitarianism."

Alas, a syllogism in the hands of Mr. Beichman is like a razor in the hands of a baby. In so many respects among the most rigorous thinkers in contemporary journalism, Mr. Beichman fails to see the paralogism he rides in traveling from the premise that American labor union leadership is anti-Communist (a premise with which NATIONAL REVIEW agrees, though which—as we shall see—needs clarifying) over to the conclusion that resistance to the growth of labor unions is, in strategic effect, an act of pro-Communism.

In place of a distributed middle, Mr. Beichman relies on the mystique that it is impossible to understand the unions' anti-Communism abroad except by positing their devotion to freedom at home. Therein the fallacy. There were devoted Nazis who were devotedly anti-Communist. It is perfectly possible to be against other people's totalitarianism, and in favor of one's own. It is even possible to be against the genus totalitarian state, while at the same time, through ignorance, or recklessness, contributing to the totalitarianization of one's own state: and it is even possible, the process of auto-enslavement having been completed, to say: "I loathe totalitarianism except as it exists in this country, of which I happen to be among the oligarchs."

In other words, it does not follow, in human experience, that a reasonably consistent record of opposition to totalitarianism abroad results in an opposition to the same thing at home. NATIONAL REVIEW may have been guilty in the past of making unclear the distinctions it nevertheless observes: namely, between the labor union which is organized subject to an informed respect for the free market place and for the rights of the individual citizen, and the labor union which respects itself above all, and in its passion for self-aggrandizement mocks the self-restraint that holds together a free society

We hold this truth, that on the domestic scene, the danger to individual freedom from the power of monopoly unions ranks second only to the danger from the power of the Federal Government. The best available counterpoise to overweening labor union power would be, in our judgment, the enactment and enforcement of anti-monopoly laws against the labor unions, and the establishment of a bill of rights for the individual worker which would permit him, according to his own lights, to join, or not join, a labor union. We fail to see how it would weaken the national stance against Communism if, for instance, legislation were passed which would deprive James Hoffa of the power to paralyze American commerce; if, for instance, legislation were passed depriving any labor leader of the power to bring to a halt the national production of steel; if the individual were given in every state, as distinguished from the 18 states where now he has the option, the right to join, or not join a union. Is Mr. Beichman suggesting that if the labor unions were weakened to this extent, to a roughly corresponding extent they would cease to be anti-Communist? That would seem to be implicit in his reasoning, namely, that their unique privileges and immunities are a precondition to their allegiance to the anti-Communist position. This charge, gravely anti-labor in effect, goes further than anything NATIONAL REVIEW has thus far alleged against the unions. But since Mr. Beichman's reasoning is before us, let us ask some relevant, if embarrassing questions, *e.g.*:

Is it all that certain that American labor would back a distinctively anti-Communist Presidential candidate—if his views did not conform with theirs

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on domestic matters? Mr. Beichman, as an informed anti-Communist, deplored, as NATIONAL REVIEW did all along, the weakness of Mr. Eisenhower's anti-Communist position. But his sophistication also requires him to recognize that, *e.g.*, as between Eisenhower and Stevenson in 1952, or even in 1960, there was precious little choice for the voter who was first and foremost an anti-Communist. Stevenson was the symbol of appeasement: Eisenhower the symbol for nothing—but at least he had Dulles. Yet organized labor backed Stevenson all the way (with honorable exceptions). Who, among the candidates who are seriously spoken of as possible candidates for the Presidency, most closely approximates a deadly serious anti-Communist? Yes—but would organized labor back Senator Barry Goldwater? They'd see themselves in Siberia first. Would Irving Brown, and James Carey, and George Meany, and Walter Reuther, at the risk of encumbering their passion to liberate themselves from the Taft-Hartley slave-labor law, back a Goldwater over against such an appeaser as, say, Kennedy? These questions Mr. Beichman might pause over.

NATIONAL REVIEW is *for* labor unions in the same sense in which it is *for* trade associations, or for parent-teacher associations. We are against labor union monopolies in the same sense in which we are against manufacturers' monopolies, or educators' monopolies: in the same way we are against price fixing, or compulsory unionism, or featherbedding. Last week, 24 hours before the Committee of One Million put on a demonstration at Carnegie Hall against the admission of Red China to the UN, at which some of the most important men in national politics were to speak, a tiny labor union in New York announced to the executive director of the Committee that before the show could go on, the union would have to have $450 in cash. Why? Only three or four men were needed to draw the curtain, flash the lights, and whatever. No matter why—the money was to be made over to an individual, the head of the union. The impresario complained bitterly to the management of Carnegie Hall, which limply acquiesced. A pay-off to the union is part of the deal, said management, incapable after several years of capitulation to raise even a blush at a surcharge which raised by almost 50 per cent the rental price of Carnegie Hall. The director of the Committee of One Million called, hoping he could do something about so outrageous an exaction by a labor union—Mr. Arnold Beichman. Mr. Beichman, a volatile man of righteous instinct, was furious. But, he said—he did not know what could be done.

What can be done is to raise one's voice against such encroachments upon our freedom, and refuse to excuse them in the name of anti-Communism.

For the Record

Received by This Week magazine, more than 140,000 letters of comment on Sen. Goldwater article suggesting U.S. withdraw financial and political support from the UN if Red China gets in. Letters ran 20-1 in favor Goldwater proposal. . . . Rep. John Ashbrook (R., O.) introduced resolution in Congress last week calling for suspension of all U.S. funds to UN or UN agencies pending a congressional investigation of the UN aggression in Katanga. . . . Pres. Fulbert Youlou of (former French) Congo says if UN does not move its troops out of Katanga in short order, newly independent African states should come to the aid of their "unhappy Katangese brothers."

One wire service banking heavily on rumor Mr. K. is planning N.Y. visit in near future—to extent of installing telephone lines to strategic buildings near Park Ave. headquarters of Soviet UN delegation. . . . Suggested Berlin solution UN delegates are now talking about: George Kennan's proposed "neutral zone" in central Europe which (you-guessed-it) the UN would administer. . . . It hasn't been much publicized but U.S. military jeeps are now patrolling highway between Berlin and West Germany—for the first time in nearly ten years.

Maj. Arch Roberts, who wrote the controversial Pro-Blue Program for the 24th Infantry Division and has continued as an active supporter of Gen. Walker, is being silenced, or as the GI's put it "Walkerized." He has been transferred from the Office of the Chief of Information, NYC to a medical unit in Fort Lee, Va. . . . Communist Worker devoted full editorial to recent outrage: the picketing of a Communist-sponsored picnic at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., by a local YAF chapter. . . . Long Island residents, long captives to the super Liberal Newsday, now given alternative in new Long Island Review which is described as a "Voice for the Voiceless Conservatives" on L.I.

French authorities outraged: Leaflets widely distributed in Algeria are instructing supporters of the OAS (Organization of the Secret Army) to ask for bonds when they make contributions to the cause.

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The Third World War

Varus, Varus, Where Are My Legions?

JAMES BURNHAM

In prison: General Challe, General Zeller, Generals Nicot, Bigot, Gouraud. Under indictment: Generals Vanuxem and Crèvecoeur. Gone underground: General Salan, General Jouhaud, General Gardy. Resigned: Generals Pouilly, Beaufre, Souard, Huré, and (two weeks ago) General Olié, chief of the General Staff—following the example of his predecessor, General Ely. In public and unbending opposition to the regime: France's highest ranking soldier, Marshal Juin. Reassigned: General Massu, Generals X, Y, Z. . . .

Summoned before the Special Military Tribunal for perfunctory trial, and sentencing to two, five, ten years of jail or concentration camp: hundreds, literally hundreds of colonels, commandants, majors of the army and air force. They stand erect, heads proudly high, France's noblest decorations and the ribbons of her most bitter struggles across their tunics. The Tribunal still sits, after all these months, and these officers daily pass before it, each making his brief, straightforward, never cringing but often deeply puzzled declaration.

"The defense of the integrity of the nation is the *raison d'être* and first duty of the splendid profession of soldier, which I chose for my own"—it is Colonel Vaudrey speaking to the Tribunal, but it could as well be any of his comrades. "For me, military discipline is not an end in itself, and I cannot even conceive it except in the service of honor and my country—words embroidered in letters of gold on the silk of our flags. . . . For this, Mr. President, I am ready to answer."

"I had the great honor"—Colonel Groussard is speaking as witness in behalf of Commandants Bléhaut and Monchonnet—"to be in command at the 1939-40 St. Cyr [the French West Point] graduation. Commandants Bléhaut and Monchonnet were members of that class. From the moment they left school, they were launched into war. For twenty years they have served, in Europe, in Africa, then in Asia and again in Africa. . . . You realize that these are two elite officers, who for twenty years have served their country with the finest spirit of sacrifice and unblemished loyalty."

Myth of the Paras

And the elite units of the paratroops—the "paras," cream of France's combat troops, and perhaps the finest fighting formation in the world—broken up, the individual men redistributed; their traditions, cemented by glory and death, thus dissolved, even their gay uniform, that had become so potent a symbol, vulgarized. "The parachutist," remarks Jules Monnerot, "because of the physical and moral integrity, the steel temper and hardness that is attributed to him, appears to the communo-conformist as a *bête noire*. . . . Hence the hatred that is concretized in the terrifying *myth of the para*? To the communo-conformists, it seems that the very idea of the para prevents them from wallowing at their ease. This supernatural being is capable of keeping them vertical by grabbing the scruff of their necks. 'Without this demon, we would be happy, we would have PEACE!' "

These officers and men, whose entire lives have been dedicated to honor and country—who have proved that dedication in Gestapo torture chambers, at Dienbienphu, in the terror-haunted alleys and deserts of Algeria—are being punished for what crime? The generals, because they disobeyed, or are alleged to have disobeyed, the commander-in-chief? (But weren't they taught at Nuremberg that soldiers may not obey an immoral command?) The colonels and majors and paras because they *did* obey their superior officers?

From the cesspools of the Left and the swamps of the time-servers, the names of these men of honor are being smeared with filth. Our American journalists, from taste or ignorance or lethargy, do their contemptible part in this miserable operation.

What can have brought Charles de Gaulle to sanction this defilement of France's soldiers? I am compelled to believe what I more and more frequently hear: that de Gaulle, isolated, half-blind, fixed in outworn political conceptions, frustrated in every major policy, is plunged into a senile bitterness from which he strikes out at those once closest to him, indifferent to or even eager for the destruction he may be causing.

Algeria in the Caribbean?

We do not yet quite have our own Indochina and Algeria—though we have had our Korea, and now our Laos and our Cuba. We do not yet have our Special Military Tribunal, but is it absurd to suggest that its doctrine is presaged in the Fulbright Memorandum, and its procedure foreshadowed in the rude, unprecedented, shamelessly publicized steps by which General Edwin Walker was relieved of his command—on the instance of a vile journal nourished in that same cesspool of the Left? "From high command to private first class," reported the *New York Times* military analyst, Hanson Baldwin, after a firsthand survey, "the army in Europe has been deeply disturbed by the case of Major General Edwin A. Walker. Officers of all ranks, particularly the senior ones, deplore the manner in which the case was handled and feel that some fundamental elements of military justice and fair play were violated." The officers knew, of course, that "the Walker case" was not an isolated incident, but a symptom in a mounting series.

"Varus, Varus, where are my legions?" Augustus is said to have cried when the news reached him that the elite XVII, XVIII and XIX legions, under the feckless command of Quintilius Varus, had been annihilated by Arminius in the Teutoburg forest. By that slaughter the whole history of the world was altered, for Rome and the limits of Latin civilization had as a consequence to fall back to the west bank of the Rhine. When Charles de Gaulle and John Fitzgerald Kennedy call in desperate need, will their legions still be there to answer?

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I Say NR Is Anti-Labor

A prominent journalist, affiliated with the AFL-CIO, detects a bias in *NR* against labor unions, and insists they are the unsung heroes of the Cold War. . .

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Gentlemen:

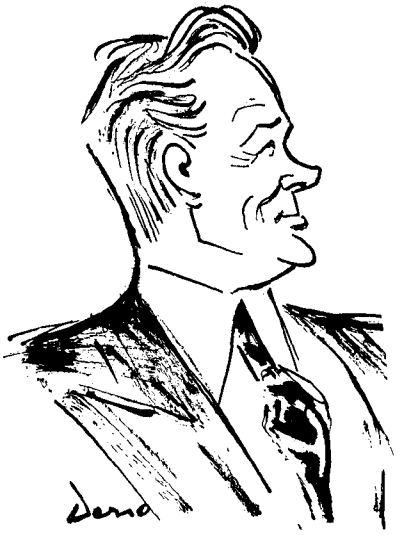
Says the *National Review Bulletin*, July 8, "The AFL-CIO executive council, under George Meany's leadership, continues to make more sense on international problems than any other of our major institutions, civilian or governmental." And, three pages further, your Washington columnist, Quincy, writes, ". . . whereas the AFL-CIO and ADA react orgasmatically to *any* attack on the free enterprise system." (my italics).

Almost from its inception, *National Review* has been, if I may use the vulgar cliché, anti-labor. I am not arguing whether your opposition to the American labor movement has been just or unjust. That is not the point of this comment. What I would like to take up is the total character of the labor movement out of which may come the belief you express that on international problems, the AFL-CIO "continues to make more sense" than any of "our major institutions."

How does it happen that American labor leadership, with no exceptions, is anti-Communist not in a primitive know-nothing sense but rather with an intelligent, analytical, coherent *Weltanschauung*? And why has it been that way since the Russian Revolution? I am aware that for a dozen years, the then CIO had a large Communist fraction in its councils and an influential fraction at that. But, mark you, before anti-Communism became a popular slogan in the U.S. Senate, the CIO itself, with men like Walter Reuther and Arthur J. Goldberg leading, had purged the Communists. Since 1949, the Communist Party, desperately seeking to carry out its Moscow directives to penetrate, to subvert, to influence American labor, has failed utterly in its mission. With one exception, not a single major American labor spokesman has accepted any "cultural exchange" invitations to visit Moscow nor has it invited any "labor front" Soviet agents to visit America.

Whether one agrees or not with the Reuther dinner for Nikita Khrushchev in San Francisco in September 1959, Krushchev made no converts among them. In fact, the transcript of the dinner discussion indicates that Reuther and the other labor leaders who were there, gave Khrushchev a hard time. When Anastas Mikoyan visited Chicago a few years ago he was given a luncheon by the Board of Trade. Among the questions he was asked was why they had shot Beria. To which he replied, as I recall it, that Beria had reminded them of American businessmen. This jocularity, according to the AP story, was greeted by loud laughter.

Some years back, James Burnham, one of your editors, wrote a book in which a chapter was entitled "The Suicidal Mania of American Business." It was Mr. Burnham's thesis that the American businessman simply doesn't understand Communism and that his blind ignorance would eventually lead to his destruction by Communism. Certainly, you have realized that such a plaint could never be made against American labor leadership.



Walter Reuther

In my view, we have for too long taken American labor's anti-Communism for granted. The seventh largest trade union in England and one of the most strategic, the Electrical Trades Union, has for years been in Communist hands and only through the intervention of a British court has one of the Communist officers of that union been ousted. Can you conceive of an important union in America or any union or union local in America today being under Communist control? I do not know if there are lower echelon labor leaders here who are Communists but if there are, they are carefully camouflaged. If they weren't, they'd be out. Yet in so many countries of the free world—France, Italy, India, for example—the Communist Party plays a most influential role in trade unionism.

It is certainly no accident that American labor, from officers down to the rank-and-file, is anti-Communist and it is not because Moscow hasn't tried to take over. Last December, the Moscow convocation of 81 Communist Parties proclaimed the necessity for penetrating free trade unions masked as "restoration of unity in the trade union movement where it is split, as well as on an international scale." Does anybody think this tactic has a chance of success in America? Does anyone think that so long as the AFL-CIO is a leader in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions that there is the slightest possibility of a "united front" with the Communist World Federation of Trade Unions?

All this, I'm afraid, is very much regarded as normal. I am not sug-

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gesting that any medals for valor be struck off for George Meany and his colleagues for refusing to sell out their country to Communism. What I am suggesting is that it is time to stop this nonsense that the AFL-CIO would "react orgasmatically to any attack on the free enterprise system." Or, if you will, to stop creating the image of a labor movement which is seeking to foist some labor dictatorship over America.

American labor is anti-totalitarian —anti-Franco as it is anti-Castro, anti-Tito as it is anti-Mao—because it decided a long time ago that our socio-economic system offered the best opportunity for improving a worker's existence. With rare exceptions, American labor has taken a melioristic view of the free enterprise system. Are its criticisms to be taken as heresy, as some conspiratorial attempt to replace free enterprise with a neo-Socialist society? Of course, the AFL-CIO has criticized our economic form of organization—but is it fair to say "any attack" against it would be greeted "orgasmatically" by the AFL-CIO?

You cannot separate American labor's view of the needful in American foreign policy from its view of the needful in domestic life. I am not suggesting that because you agree with its concepts on international problems, *ergo* you must agree with its domestic program. I am merely suggesting that it is latterday Manicheanism to regard the AFL-CIO executive council when it speaks on foreign policy as the epitome of political intelligence and when it speaks on domestic policy as a congeries of disaffected, gothic betrayers of the faith. Meany's view on Communism is one coordinate which, taken with his view of America, the other coordinate, define his faith and conviction.

If you say that all this is true but that American labor policy on economic and fiscal affairs or automation or the rights of labor or whatever, together would weaken the country's ability to resist Communism, then you should prove it. I would doubt it. I would also like to say that I am not seeking to create some noble image of the American labor movement, without fault or flaw, guiltless, ingenuous, clear-eyed. It isn't, nor would any labor leader I know say so. It is one of a number of free institutions in American life which are trying to act responsibly with as little government intervention into its affairs as possible. But when that government intervention did become necessary, it didn't call political strikes, engage in civil disobedience, as has been the case in other countries, most recently in Belgium.

Most important of all, a labor movement—any labor movement—if it has not been swallowed up by cant, has an involvement with morality and even a dedication to moral principles. During World War II, when many outstanding Americans were translating their admiration for the Red Army's exploits into a collateral respect for Stalin and the Soviet Union, American labor, notably the then AFL, remembered its morality.

The most unknown story in American political life has been the consistent and active opposition to totalitarianism abroad by American labor. At the end of World War II when labor on the Continent was in danger of being captured by the Stalinists, it was American labor that sent in veteran anti-Communists, like Irving Brown, and supplied the money to help European democrats resist the new invaders. It was the AFL Free Trade Union Committee, under Woll and Jay Lovestone, that masterminded a campaign to help create essential democratic institutions in Europe.

American labor hasn't looked for any plaudits for this work any more than it does when a union organizer goes out to organize a Southern textile mill. It's part of the job of a labor movement, and a man like Joseph B. Keenan, secretary of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, functioned just as well when he helped German workers rebuild their unions as he functions now back home.

In short, I would say that when you weaken the American labor movement, for whatever reason, you are weakening one of the major supports of American resistance to Communist totalitarianism. A few weeks ago, President Kennedy wrote the AFL-CIO executive council that the support American labor "has historically given to our foreign policy is one of the greatest satisfactions and strengths of our democratic government." I know General Eisenhower would not differ from that statement.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

(*See Editorial, p.* 224)

Quote, Unquote

I.

The Umbrella Man, Again

"It is clear that Mr. Khrushchev does not want war over Berlin." —*Adlai Stevenson*

Now stop me if I'm wrong, okay?
But wasn't it an August day
When someone (British, I would think)
Pontificated on the brink:
The year, I'm sure, was '39.
With others, he had crossed the Rhine
(I see a black umbrella there)
To beard the Teuton in his lair.
His plane—it's coming back!—
  touched down
At Croydon Airport. Half the town
Turned out to hear the P.M. say
As if on some St. Crispin's Day:
"We've had a jolly mountain climb;
I bring you peace . . . peace in
  our time!"
Well, Adlai. *Vis-à-vis* Berlin,
I'm sorry. Here's where I came in.

II.

What's in a Name?

"Governor Rockefeller indicated today that he had no affection for the political label of Liberal, saying that he considered the terms Liberal and Conservative to be very misleading." —*New York Times*

When Kennedy and Barry
  Agree upon The Truth:
When Ike embraces Harry;
  When Maris tumbles Ruth;
When Mao gets religion;
  When Tito goes to Rome;
When Pablo scraps that pigeon;
  When Eskimos quit Nome;
When horses ride their jockeys;
  When Schlesinger is through;
It's *then* I'll know that Rocky's
  Conservative, true blue!

W. H. VON DREELE

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Special Report

Each Refugee, a Story

LEE EDWARDS

West Berlin

A concrete-block barrier runs thirty miles along the border between East and West Berlin. To construct it, every plasterer in East Berlin worked around the clock to finish the job just six days after the Soviets closed the border on August 13. Before that date, thousands of East Germans streamed daily into West Berlin. Today, each refugee is the subject of a separate story in the newspapers.

Depression spreads in this city as its inhabitants realize that it will be a long time before they again see old friends and relatives. It is there, even though not apparent along the Kurfurstendamm (West Berlin's equivalent of the Champs-Elysées), where cafés and restaurants are crowded with patrons eager for the international cuisine and Berlin beer of which the city is so proud. Cabarets and night clubs offer everything from dazzling water shows (at the famous Resi) to unrestrained stripteases (at the Tanz-Palais de Paris. The stores are filled with expensive merchandise, equivalent to the very best in the United States. It is all quite gay and charming and misleading.

A guide, who had been witty and amazingly informative for nearly four hours during a tour of West Berlin, admitted privately, "No matter what we say, the situation is hopeless." His parents live in East Berlin. He has not seen them since August 13, the day the Iron Curtain descended on one million East Berliners.

Some limited contact is still possible. In the French sector (that is the northeastern part of West Berlin under the trusteeship of France) East and West literally meet. An apartment house may rest in the East Zone while the street before it is in the West Zone. In such a situation a man may call up to a friend or relative on the second floor, but not the first, for every window and every door of every building at the street level, whether apartment, shop or church, has been bricked up.

In the streets between the houses men and women stand on cars, fences or little hills to wave handkerchiefs or umbrellas at friends a few hundred yards away. Many carry binoculars to see each other more clearly. The East German police, uncomfortable in their rather ill-fitting green uniforms and in their new status as wardens, usually suffer this "visiting." Sometimes, however, they will force East Berliners to move back or around a corner out of sight, and it is then that West Berliners move forward toward the wall, inviting nervous Communist guards to throw tear gas bombs or fire warning shots.

It is in the French sector that several of the more dramatic escapes have taken place. Two women and a child jumped from their second floor apartment into a "firemen's net" made up of the waiting arms of West Berliners. Here a couple in their late fifties climbed down a washline from their fourth floor flat. And here an anxious woman jumped from a third floor window but missed mattresses and other bed clothing placed in the street. She died almost instantly.

At the Brandenburg Gate a young East Berlin truckdriver crashed through barbed wire and a wooden barrier into the West sector. The next day, the Communists placed cement blocks under the Gate, making such dramatic exits impossible in the future.

A few East Germans have even swum across the Teltow Canal into freedom. One man tried this in mid-afternoon and was spotted by a Communist guard on a bridge overhead. The guard shot the swimmer dead before he reached the west bank. A reward of 10,000 marks ($2,500) has been offered for information as to the identity of the East German Communist. The East Berlin government's answer is a cynical one: a reward of 10,000 marks for the "capture" of Mayor Willy Brandt of West Berlin.

With the wall to the east and the barbed wire and watch towers of the East German Communists to the north, south and west, the West Berliner nevertheless continues to build and plan for the future. With an assist from Bonn, which is putting up 500 million marks ($125 million) to help overcome the economic consequences of the border closing. Whether the West Berliner will enjoy the fruits of his labor remains to be seen. For the present he does not appear to care.

He also looks to the United States for further assistance because the U.S., which destroyed so much of Berlin, has been responsible in large measure for its renaissance. Symbols of American aid abound. There is the Freedom Library, ten stories high; the Freedom Bell (a replica of the Liberty Bell) in the tower of the Berlin Senate; Free University (constructed in large part with $2 million from the Ford Foundation); streets like Clayallee, named after General Lucius B. Clay, recently returned to Berlin as President Kennedy's personal ambassador, and Taylorstrasse, named for General Maxwell Taylor.

Not to be forgotten is the West Berlin electric power plant, now supplying the needs of 2.25 million people, which was flown in by the U.S. Air Force during the Berlin Air Lift of 1948-49.

Today, West Berlin continues to present a confident, even jaunty, exterior. But underneath lies a growing apprehension.

There is an Eternal Flame in West Berlin which has been burning for eight years. It is to be kept lit until the reunification of East and West Germany. For years, in a characteristically sardonic way, Berliners have been saying, "It will certainly take a lot of gas." Today, when he says it, a West Berliner does not smile.

It is estimated that in another ten years West Berlin will be almost completely rebuilt—if nothing happens. As the Soviets encourage the East German Communists to tighten their hold on West Berlin and as the West continues to tighten its hold on indecision, West Berliners may be pardoned for asking: for whom and for what are they building?

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Religion

Conservatives and Religion: A Dilemma

WILL HERBERG

The Liberal, some one has well said, is the Jacobin *sans guillotine*. He exhibits the same itch for incessant innovation, the same contempt for history, the same infatuation with self-sufficient human reason, the same penchant for rationalistic blueprints along which to "new-model" the body politic, the same confidence in the omnipresent, omnicompetent state. The Liberal, however, is frightened at the violence and terror of Jacobinism; he hopes to accomplish Jacobin ends without Jacobin means, to make the omelette (as the Jacobin tauntingly reminds him) without breaking the eggs.

Herberg

At no point, perhaps, is the inner bond between Liberalism and Jacobinism so obvious as in their common hostility to religion in public life and in their common commitment to the thoroughly secularized laic state. The radically secularistic logic of Jacobinism took some time to reveal itself because many of the early Jacobins were still infected with eighteenth-century Deism, and saw themselves replacing the traditional religion of the people with the "pure Cult of the Supreme Being." But already in the French Revolution, Robespierrean Deism had to face the atheistic "Cult of Reason," promoted by Hébert, Chaumette, and the *Enragés*. Later Jacobinism was fiercely anti-religious, determined to extirpate religion not only from public but also from private life. The Liberals, naturally, shared this anti-religious bias, but pressed their program with their characteristic moderation. Religion, they insisted, was to be a "private matter," a matter of personal taste; the "modern state," however, was to be raised on purely secular foundations. The state, in short, was to be "religion-free" and "religion-blind," refusing so much as to recognize the existence of religion as a public concern. But since no enduring social order is possible without some common set of ideas, values and purposes, the "religion-free" Liberal State necessarily came to mean a state in which the pseudo-religion of secularism was enthroned and established, in irreconcilable conflict with the traditional religions of the West. To have seen this so clearly constitutes the great merit of the so-called "reactionary" Papal encyclicals of the nineteenth century, however open to criticism these encyclicals may be on other grounds. Liberalism insisted on the extrusion of religion from public life so that the void could be filled with the secularistic gospel of Liberalism itself.

Conservatism, on the other hand, has always found in religion—the traditional religion of the community—both the basis and the pinnacle of the culture. Conservative thinkers, from Edmund Burke to Russell Kirk, have believed and proclaimed that without religion, the body politic could not survive as a moral entity. Religion is the spring of social coherence and civic virtue; it binds the community together, it hallows custom, and softens the harsh outlines of power: it humanizes man and so stabilizes society. Perhaps no one has reflected so deeply on the role of religion in modern political society as Alexis de Tocqueville, who saw with foreboding the rise of democratic mass society and felt that nothing could tame this awakening giant and prevent him from destroying all freedom and culture except the civilizing force of religion. He agreed with George Washington that "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality could prevail in exclusion of religious principles," and stressed that democracies were peculiarly dependent upon religion, since "liberty cannot be established without morality, and morality without faith."

For Tocqueville, the realistic aristocrat confronted with mass democracy, religion was a conservative, one might almost say preservative force; and so it has remained in conservative thinking since. Apart from private devotion, religion is prized primarily as a spiritual "inner check," curbing, mollifying, and thereby also integrating in the invisible way in which true societies should be integrated. Curiously enough, the conservative thinker is here closely approached by the modern sociologist, who also finds religion to be one of the functional prerequisites of society, indispensable for social cohesion and integration.

There is obviously a great deal of wisdom in this conservative understanding of religion as a spiritual force of integration, and we have never been in so much need of this wisdom as we are today. Yet it is impossible for the man of faith not to feel uncomfortable with religion so understood. Religion—certainly the biblical religion informing Judaism and Christianity—is deeply rooted in tradition, of course; in fact, it is itself the main vehicle of the historical continuity of tradition upon which every living society must ultimately depend. And yet religion—most emphatically the biblical religion informing Judaism and Christianity—can never accept the role which conservatives, in their eagerness to conserve what is indeed worth conserving, assigns to it. Religion sanctions society, but cannot become simply its handmaiden; it sustains the social order, but at the same time subjects it to a radical, and what must sometimes seem a shattering, criticism. Its standpoint cannot be simply that of society itself; it cannot let itself be robbed of its transcendence without letting itself be converted into an idolatrous cult sanctifying every social order simply because it is the social order that happens to prevail. Our religion, after all, is the religion of Amos, Isaiah, Jesus and Paul, who certainly did not conceive of the word of God as simply a stabilizing, society-sustaining force.

The conservative's dilemma at this point is a real one. He affirms re-

(Continued on p. 232)

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The Hounds of Academe

When the persecutee is a former American Nazi, how active are the Academic Freedomites? About as active, in our book, as Step'n Fetchit

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

In the 1960 Spring *Bulletin* of the American Association of University Professors, its general-secretary, Dr. William P. Fidler, angrily refuted a charge by Professor Anthony Bouscaren (*Human Events,* Jan 7, 1960) that the AAUP was more concerned with the infringements of the rights and prerogatives of Liberal or Communist teachers that it was with the rights of conspicuous anti-Communists. (Bouscaren had cited the formal AAUP vote of censure against several universities which had fired Communists and Fifth Amendment takers and the refusal of the AAUP to act in the case of a former Communist professor who had been ousted by American University *only* after giving friendly testimony before a congressional committee.) As a clincher in his rebuttal of the Bouscaren piece, Dr. Fidler cited the action taken by the AAUP in the case of a former Nazi, Dr. Edward Sittler, who had recently been forced to resign from C. W. Post College in Long Island. Let us see what the AAUP has done for Edward Sittler.

In 1937, at the age of 21, Edward Sittler went to Germany to study. In 1939 he applied for German citizenship which he received in 1940. In due course, he was drafted into the German Army and assigned to the German Broadcasting Corporation. In 1943, he joined the National Socialist (Nazi) Party. Sittler was interned by the U.S. Army after the war, but no charges were lodged against him. In 1945, at the request of the Justice Department, he returned to the United States to testify in the treason trials of two American citizens who had worked for the German propaganda ministry. (The distinction, of course, is that Sittler was a German, not a U.S. citizen, and a German army draftee when he worked for the German Broadcasting Company.) In 1949, Sittler received permission to live in the United States and to try to establish his eligibility for naturalization.

The road back for the American Nazi was, as it should have been, a difficult one. The formal, legal obstacles were considerable. But there were others he had to cope with. In 1949, Northwestern University refused to renew Sittler's contract as a lecturer, succumbing to a whisper and poison-pen campaign instigated by a fellow teacher. In 1950, he was dismissed from the College of Mining and Technology in Houghton, Michigan after Congressman John Bennett angrily protested his appointment. In the spring of the same year, a rumpus was raised when it transpired that Sittler had completed his doctoral dissertation at Northwestern and stood to receive his Ph.D. Northwestern meticulously investigated his background, and finally sent Sittler his diploma through the mail. (To the credit of the faculty, the vote for awarding the diploma was 122 to 3.) In 1952, Sittler was refused an appointment at Oberlin College because of his "background"; in 1956, the now-defunct Shurtleff College in Alton, Illinois also got rid of the contaminated Dr. Sittler. In each of these cases Sittler, a member of the AAUP, appealed to the association for help and in each case, his appeal was either turned down or ignored.

At C. W. Post College

Which brings us to the AAUP action Dr. Fidler cited as justification of the AAUP's impartiality, the case of Dr. Sittler at C. W. Post College. It was now 1959, twenty years since 21-year-old Sittler had applied for German citizenship. He had married, begot eight children, and was looking for work. Dean Hoxie of C. W. Post College got in touch with Sittler in the summer of 1959 and asked for all the documents relating to his case and to the exact nature of his work in Germany. In the light of his past record and the unpleasant publicity that had attended his dismissal from other colleges and universities, Sittler agreed to resign in the event a) that the authorities at C. W. Post come up with additional information of a derogatory nature concerning his background, or b) that the college were subjected to publicity which the Dean or President considered to be actively injurious to the college's best interests.

Dr. Sittler started teaching at C. W. Post in September 1959. Shortly after, in November, the same rumors, the same anonymous notes, the same hate leaflets which had caused his ouster from job after job—the authors faceless, nameless as always—began to circulate on the campus. Never, by the way, had he been charged with incompetence as a teacher, with academic deficiencies, with attempting to indoctrinate his students in fascism. He once had been a fascist dog, and that was enough to disqualify him for life. The college was soon in an uproar, with some faculty members taking Sittler's part, others clamoring for his ouster.

On December 10, Long Island's Liberal *Newsday* carried an article on Sittler which was followed, in short order, by a *New York Post* exposé. On December 15, President Connally issued a strongly-worded and dignified statement in support of the continued employment of Edward Sittler. "I believe that a man, or a nation, should have the opportunity to repent, mend his ways and rise again. . . . The attacks on this individual under the circumstances have seemed like persecution to me. They have been persistently and vindictively prosecuted over a number of years."

Twenty-four hours later, President

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Connally requested Dr. Sittler's resignation, and it was duly proffered. In the statement announcing Dr. Sittler's resignation, President Connally again reiterated his belief in repentance, stressing ". . . the obligation of university officials to defend a faculty member from anonymous attack; . . . the necessity to decide such a matter not on the basis of public emotion and pressure but on the basis of verified fact."

But he went ahead and, in effect, fired Sittler.

What caused the switch? In the course of interrogation on December 15, Sittler had admitted that he had worked for a time on "Station Debunk," a German propaganda station whose broadcasts were beamed to the United States. This, the C. W. Post authorities now held, contradicted Sittler statements at the time of his hiring that his work as a news translator and broadcaster had not been directed specifically "against the United States."

Sittler

Sittler's defense was that since the power of the transmitter used by "Station Debunk" was far too low to reach across the Atlantic, his reading of news reports over the station (he never wrote anything for "Debunk") did not seem to him to constitute specifically anti-U. S. action.

The team of AAUP investigators who looked into Dr. Sittler's case in May 1960 (five months after his dismissal) has this to say: "It has been suggested by some that the 'Station Debunk' broadcast incident was seized upon [by C. W. Post] as a convenient excuse for giving way to the pressures which were becoming uncomfortable. We cannot be sure of this, although it is difficult to believe that the new disclosures were sufficient to justify the about-face regarding Dr. Sittler's position. . . . It seems to us that the President's opinion was rather easily changed."

The investigators felt that President Connally and Dean Hoxie had been at fault in exacting a "gentleman's agreement" from Edward Sittler to resign upon request, as a condition of employment, since this left the faculty member with "no normal safeguards against summary dismissal." And the investigators concluded (in the first draft of their report—but not the second): "Certain individuals who wield a good deal of influence with emotionally unstable elements of the public have made it their business to interfere with and influence the judgment of officials regarding Dr. Sittler's fitness to teach. They have boasted of their success in this regard. And indeed they may, for results appear to justify their boasts. Insofar as these forces have dictated the decision which should have been made calmly by academic officials on the basis of significant authenticated evidence, the outcome of this affair has been a defeat for academic freedom.

The first draft of the investigators' report for the AAUP's Committee A (Academic Freedom) was sent to Dr. Sittler in September, 1960 with the request that he inform the committee of any factual errors by October 24. Sittler complied. On December 15, 1960, Edward Sittler received the second (and so far, final) draft of the investigation, which included a number of deletions, one of which was the entire final paragraph which found, in essence, that there had been an infringement of academic freedom.

A full year had by now gone by since Dr. Sittler had been fired, a year during which he had tried, in vain, to get another teaching job. In each case, he was told that he couldn't find employment until the C. W. Post case was "cleared up." (Dr. Sittler had, in the interim, received a personal letter from a member of Committee A suggesting that, in his own interest, he consider another profession.)

In cases of this sort, the procedure the AAUP follows is this: Committee A considers the report of its investigators and decides whether to "approve it for publication." If published in the *Bulletin* of the AAUP, it automatically comes before the annual convention for action and, as in the case of numerous former Communist professors fighting dismissal from various institutions of higher learning, the convention votes on a formal motion of censure.

So far, Dr. Sittler had no reason to complain; an investigation had been made; he had filed his comments with the investigatory group; he had anxiously awaited word that his case would be approved for publication in the Spring 1961 *Bulletin*.

But in March 1961, he received the following terse communication from Dr. Bertram H. Davis, a staff member in the Washington office of the AAUP: "This brief note is to inform you that the Association's Committee A did not find it feasible to publish the C. W. Post College report in the Spring issue of the AAUP *Bulletin*. The Committee is giving further consideration to the report."

On June 8, Dr. Sittler wrote Dr. William Fidler, the AAUP secretary-general, to inquire whether some agreement on the Post College Committee report had been reached, or was in sight. He also asked what was the status of his membership in the AAUP, since his funds—including his retirement savings—were exhausted and he was unable to pay his dues.

On June 26, one Robert Van Waes wrote Dr. Sittler a curt note informing him that: a) Dr. Fidler was on vacation; b) no agreement had been reached on the Post College Committee report and c) that if he didn't pay his dues by the end of 1961, he would be dropped from AAUP membership.

Thus, the American Association of University Professors, when the question is a former German Nazi, rather than a former—or for that matter, present—Communist.

CONSERVATIVES, RELIGION

(Continued from p. 230)

ligion as the moral foundation of civil society, but unless he is something more than a conservative he is tempted to turn religion into an exalted public utility serving social and cultural ends; and this, true religion will not tolerate. The prophetic faith of the Bible is not a faith that can be contained in simply conservative categories. If the secularistic Liberal is always trying to expel religion from the common life, the secular-minded conservative is forever tempted to make of it a mere instrument of social order. The man of faith must protest against both.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Sense and Smears in California

Legislatures are awaking to the badness of much public instruction. Some weeks ago, in this page, I discussed the endeavor of Representative Waldron, in Michigan—unsuccessful, alas—to effect some educational reform there. Since then, I have learned from Mr. Alexander Pope, legislative secretary to Governor Brown of California, that the tide has been flowing in the opposite direction, out that way.

Kirk

For recently the California legislature passed Senate Bill 57, which is a considerable reform of requirements for the teaching profession in state schools. This new act requires that every teacher must have majored or minored in the subject which he teaches—a nasty blow to the educationist hierarchy, for in consequence prospective teachers will tend to major in some intellectual discipline, rather than in Education. This is all to the good for genuine education, but not precisely in the interest of the people who have held "the stranglehold on education." In California, unlike Michigan, it was the Democrats who pushed through this commendable reform. "We look upon the bill as one of the most important legislative accomplishments of our Democratic administration," Mr. Pope writes.

What with recent reforms in Californian cities, particularly San Francisco, the empire of the Deweyites seems shaken on the Pacific coast. But the California Teachers Association, the local affiliate of the National Education Association, is sworn to oppose any real improvement in Californian schooling—or, rather, the officials of this organization have so resolved. Some months ago the Research Department of the CTA issued a curious defamatory document, endeavoring to smear all advocates of educational reform by implying that they must be members of the John Birch Society. One can get copies of this specimen of guilt-by-association technique by writing to Mr. Garford C. Gordon, Research Executive, California Teachers Association, 1705 Murchison Drive, Burlingame, California. Or one could; you'd best write pronto, for I suspect the bulletin will be suppressed by its authors once I have let this cat out of my bag.

After a hasty, confused diatribe against the John Birch Society, the authors of this document proceed to blacklist publishers, books, colleges, and various educational and political organizations. Gerald L. K. Smith's "Christian Nationalist Crusade" is equated with the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation—and both of these disparate bodies linked, of course, with ubiquitous John Birch. A very important and serious study by California professors, the "San Francisco Curriculum Survey Report," is listed on the same page with a strange congeries of movements and personalities, of widely varied degrees of soundness. John Birchers all, naturally. The reader is informed that one mark of John Birch operatives is this: (foolishly, of course) they often assert America is "faced with the crisis of Communism." (Since President Kennedy makes some such statement nearly every day, doubtless he is a tool of Mr. Robert Welch; and since Governor Brown signed Senate Bill 57, indubitably he is a crypto-Bircher.)

Book Denounced

Your servant was gratified to find that he had not been omitted from the list of authors whom the CTA would like to burn. It was particularly pleasant to find my works condemned in close company to Mr. Mortimer Smith's admirable *Diminished Mind* and *Public Schools in Crisis*. (Both Mr. Smith and I were startled to find ourselves baptized as John Birchers by this strange "Research Department" of the CTA, which in the very same pamphlet piously decries the making of "wild charges.")

And the particular book of mine which the CTA chose to denounce is of some significance. Of all my High Tory ruminations, they selected my *Academic Freedom* (Henry Regnery Company, 1955)! What, indeed, would happen to the officials of the educationist hierarchy if pedagogues began to take academic freedom seriously? No siree, the CTA researchers don't want any notions of genuine freedom of mind to penetrate to the heads of Californian teachers. Ole Massa Dewey knows best, and Blessed William Heard Kilpatrick.

One person who received this "memorandum" inquired whether the Research Executive could supply him, also, with a list of left-wing and Communist organizations and publications that might endanger Californian public education. But CTA's public-relations man replied coolly that "State and national governments maintain official agencies to deal with this problem. Officials of these agencies have assured us that our cooperation with them is much more helpful than amateurish efforts to conduct our own exposé." So no anti-Communist "memorandum" or blacklist. The CTA rests content with an amateurish effort to conduct its own exposé [*sic*] of people who would like to improve California schooling. Advocates of intellectual acquirements are much more dangerous than Communists, everyone knows.

One of the charges of the CTA against the John Birch Society is that it "distributes inflammatory literature." One would think that such tactics ought to rouse fellow-feeling in the breast of any CTA "Research Executive." On the last page of this remarkable memorandum, CTA devotees are urged to rub shoulders with the American Legionnaires, as a prudent ploy. Why stop there? Why not join the John Birch Society, Research Executive? If that body is even half so insidious as the CTA proclaims, it ought to be a good school for CTA propagandists.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Commonweal *Puts the West in Its Place*

One thing the Liberal mind cannot stomach is the concept that some things have greater values than others, that there can be among human beings, nations, and civilizations a higher and a lower. So it was predictable that when Brent Bozell in "The Strange Drift of Liberal Catholicism" (NATIONAL REVIEW, August 12) dared to say that Western civilization has a unique and transcendent value, and that our war against Communism is a holy war, Liberalism would rise in its wrath.

Meyer

It is somewhat disconcerting, however, that the attack has been spearheaded by a Liberal journal which is also a Catholic journal, *Commonweal*, and that the attack has the content that it has. Were it not for that content, and for the further fact that the editors of *Commonweal* attack not only the article, but the "professional competence" of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, the non-Catholic as well as the Catholic editors, "in dealing with the relation between Catholicism and socio-political matters," I should leave the matter to Mr. Bozell, who is perfectly capable of defending himself and his article, and to my Catholic colleagues on the editorial board.

But the issue is wider. *Commonweal* not only challenged the several and individual competencies of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, who strongly approved of the article, whatever their faith; it drove a knife to the heart of any man who, recognizing the fearful potentialities of modern warfare, is nonetheless willing to stand up and fight for his country and his civilization. Obviously, the horrendous potentialities of nuclear warfare would give pause to any sane man if all that were at stake between surrender and resistance were moderate preferences between one civilization and another, varying shades of gray that held nothing approximating black and white.

But Communism, in actual and objective fact, does represent an absolute black, and the West as a civilization is *in its essence* as close to an absolute white as is possible in the subdued light which illuminates this imperfect world. Sharp and vivid extremes do exist in reality, no matter how much the Liberal and relativist mind strives to cloak the real presence of glorious and desperate alternatives. As Brent Bozell wrote: *"God is involved in the Cold War; but more to the point: God's civilization is involved. The West makes this claim over against the rest of the world: that it has been vouchsafed the truth about the nature of man and his relationship to the universe, and has been commissioned to construct and preserve an earthly city based on this truth."*

This statement it is which so scandalizes *Commonweal*. Blinding in its simple directness, it blazes upon the gimcrack structure of "if, and, and but," of "maybe and perhaps," of "everything is relative," behind which the Liberals take refuge from reality. So sharp a confrontation of good and evil is too painful for them. The West is nice, they concede, "of high merit and great value," and Communism is nasty; we are right to conduct "a continuing and unremitting opposition to Communism." But Heaven forbid that the issue be placed too sharply or too clearly: "To speak of the West as God's civilization is almost blasphemous. . . ." To assert that the West's war against Communism is a holy war is "to enlist God as the Supreme Commander of our natural forces [and] hopelessly to confuse the sacral and the secular order."

Of course, "to enlist God" for a human end would be immeasurably blasphemous; but what if God has enlisted us, through the heritage of our long history and His revelation of good and truth, to resist to the utmost, to bend our every energy to destroy, an incarnate evil? It is sad to have to remind Catholics, even Liberal Catholics, that this is a sacramental, not a Manichean world, that our secular actions as ordinary men partake of the sacred when we act with good faith and motive and grace towards truth and good.

With all the human imperfections that attended their wars, were the Crusaders who defended the West against the tide of Islam "hopelessly misguided," "almost blasphemous," as they fought for the Honor of God and for the West which carried that Honor and that Truth? We may be more historically sophisticated than they, but if we are not blinded by historical relativism, the essence of their understanding of the role of the West remains true for us—that, in Cardinal Newman's words, *"this commonwealth [is] pre-eminently and emphatically human society, and its intellect the human mind, and its decisions the sense of mankind, and its disciplined and cultivated state civilization in the abstract . . . [It is] the state also of that supernatural society and system which our Maker has given us directly from Himself, Christian Polity. . . ."*

If to fight for this civilization with the belief that we do God's will is blasphemous, then not the Western but the Buddhist view of the things of this world is true: they are but shadows to which no man should give a moment's allegiance. But this the West has always denied. Its Christian vision has seen this sentient world as reflecting and embodying, however imperfectly, issues of transcendent significance.

It is only this understanding that can strengthen and justify us against the hazards of these fearful times. *Commonweal* may raise its hands in horror if we see a divine sanction for our mission; the patriots of the early Republic had a more profound view of the relations between things divine and human:

"Then conquer we must,
For our cause it is just,—
And this be our motto,—
In God is our trust!"

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Hocus-Pocus Liberalis

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Now and then a book comes along, of indifferent merit in itself, that has the highest generic interest. It typifies a whole species or family of books; the marks of a phylum are upon it. And the political geneticist scarcely needs to look beyond the biographical blurb on the jacket to know what careful dissection will disclose.

Such a book is *A Century of Civil Rights*, by Milton R. Konvitz and Theodore Leskes. Dr.Konvitz is a professor of law and labor relations at Cornell, a member of the national legal committee of the NAACP, a trustee of the American Civil Liberties Union, and a member of the Workers' Defense League. He has held all the respectable fellowships (Guggenheim, Rockefeller, Ford Foundation, and Fund for the Republic). He has written a number of books on civil rights, and is a member of the New York State Advisory Commission on Civil Rights. Mr. Leskes, who takes second billing in the title credits, though his contributions to the book are quite superior to Dr. Konvitz's contributions, is identified merely as director of the legal division of the American Jewish Committee, and as a participant in civil rights cases before the United States Supreme Court.

In brief, two certified Liberals. Should we expect from them, then, a work that is generous in spirit, tolerant of dissent, intellectually deep, fairly balanced? Should we look for thorough scholarship, independence of thought, respect for individual freedom? In the popular mind, these are characteristics of the Liberal academician at his trade.

A Century of Civil Rights, by Milton R. Konvitz and Theodore Leskes. Columbia University Press, $6.00

No. *A Century of Civil Rights* is as typical a specimen of Hocus-Pocus Liberalis as any collector of such literary butterflies could desire. Messrs. Konvitz and Leskes, who look upon "bias" as a dirty word, have written a book that is biased from first to last. Their hatred and their ignorance of the South are seldom obscured. Professor Konvitz especially is given to sweeping statements of blind opinion that he chooses to treat thereafter as fact. After 1832, he asserts, *no one* in the South dared express abolitionist sentiments. The South in this period sought to effect *total* suppression of the idea of human equality. The white man denied *all* liberties to the Negro. The South would not tolerate *any* discussion of the idea that the Negro was a human being; and *anyone* who held that position "was subject to prosecution under State laws or to mob violence."

Professor Konvitz tells us that "a fair reading of the record of history" leads to the conclusion that if the Reconstruction Act of 1867 had not been adopted, the South would still have Black Codes in operation today. Without the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, the South would have clung to the sort of *apartheid* practiced in South Africa. Had the Confederacy won the war of 1861-65, "in *all* probability the entire South would be a battleground, where a war of the races would be constant and bitter, and a garrison state in which *no* man, regardless of race or color, would enjoy the basic human freedoms."

This remarkable reading of his own tea leaves offers some glimpse of Professor Konvitz as a prophet. His arrogant assumption that the South would have clung to the grossest abuses of slavery through a century of industrial revolution and intellectual growth in the Union is as baseless as his assertion that the Congress of 1875 sought "to wipe out every racial distinction that had any form of legal support." The Congress of 1875, among other things, sanctioned racially separate schools in the District of Columbia. Neither the Fourteenth Amendment, nor the several civil rights acts that followed in its wake, ever proposed that "the law was to become totally color-blind." Throughout this period, states both North and South were operating racially separate public schools with the knowledge of Congress and the repeated approval of courts both state and federal.

Mr. Leskes has contributed to the book several useful and informative chapters on the spread of anti-discrimination laws among the states. But one is puzzled by the absence, in what plainly was intended to be a comprehensive job, of any reference to state right-to-work laws. Mr. Leskes is passionately dedicated to the obliteration of any man's right to discriminate in the sale of his property or the choice of his customers or employees. A long chapter on fair employment practices treats approvingly of state laws that prohibit discrimination against hiring workers on grounds of race, color, religion, sex and age. Eighteen states have passed laws that also prohibit discrimination against hiring workers on grounds of membership or non-membership in unions. But Mr. Leskes offers nothing but an eloquent silence to the proposition that if it is wrong to refuse a job to a Negro because he is not a member of the Caucasian race, it might be equally wrong to refuse a job to any man because he is not a member of the CIO.

The observer of this literary genus learns to expect such omissions. He knows long before he has checked to see, that nothing will be said of

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right-to-work laws. No mention will be made of court decisions opposed to a dialectic thesis; judicial opinions supporting the rights of restaurant owners as opposed to the privileges of "sit-inners" will not even be treated in footnotes. It is the end that counts; never mind the means: The Fourteenth Amendment "may or may not have been conceived and begotten in constitutional sin"—Professor Konvitz does not care. Disagreement is banished: A privately owned restaurant is "obviously" not a place where a property owner may assert his racial prejudices. Mr. Justice Harlan will be praised for his dissent in *Plessy* (1896), but Mr. Justice Harlan's opinion in *Cummings* (1899) will not be touched at all.

Happily, the First Amendment still protects a man's right to write books that are biased, prejudiced, and filled with discrimination, and to trot them forth under the saddle blankets of the Columbia University Press as works of objective scholarship. The Liberal authors of this volume have abundantly exercised this right; and they have abused it, too.

A Mencken Log:

or Whom Does Horace Walpole Think He Is Anyways?

or, Why Commit a Review on this Long-Awaited, Wholly Delightful Addition to the Bozart of the Republic?

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

1900. The 20-year-old Mencken to the editor of the *Youth's Companion:* "Enclosed you will find the MS. of a short story . . . which I trust will prove available." P.S. It so proved. *1909.* He calls Nietzsche's *Ecce Homo* a semi-insane rhapsody, but thinks it would sell. *1911.* Writes Harry Leon Wilson that he "sat in his drawers and undershirt reviewing poetry by fair survivors of ovariotomy." *** Describes Howell as "a kittenish old maid—a giggler." *** Of Henry James: "I defend thee, sweet Hal, and get into rages about thee, and yet, thou knowest that *What Maisie Knew* is the one book of thine that I can read. *The Golden Bowl*—ye Gods!"

Letters of H. L. Mencken, selected by Guy J. Forgue. Knopf, $7.95

1912. M. defines a moralist as "one who holds that every human act must be either right or wrong, and that 99 per cent of them are wrong." *1913.* Says he wishes he knew Geo. Ade well enough "to put him to bed without impertinence." *1914.* He and Nathan take over the *Smart Set,* aiming "to be lively without being nasty." No smut, but no uplift, either *** M. kicks up his heels over *The Titan,* and assures Dreiser that "the fundamental and essential immorality of the book" is beyond the reach of Comstock. Also tells D. that there is no such word as "alright." (And scores of 20-20 reviewers will, we have no doubt, be quick to point out to M.'s ghost that there is no such word as "incidently," either.) *1915.* M. says he has no prejudices, "save against the Methodists."

1916. Notifies Dreiser that if his name is mentioned publicly in connection with the Liberal Club, "I will sue whoever so misuses it for libel." *** Writes Untermeyer that he's getting at least 50 war poems a day "from the hogmeat and hominy belts." *1917.* He remarks that Dreiser now "has more money than he ever saw before, and is wearing silk shirts." *** Spy-hunting rampant. M. suffers, but not altogether in silence. *1918.* Att. the *New Yorker's* Good Old Days Dept.: "Life over here," he writes to Ernest Boyd in Ireland, "is anything but a bed of roses. The cost of everything is gigantic; even railroad tickets are taxed. A decent meal in N.Y. costs $2.00." *** Calls Dreiser's *Hand of the Potter* "a stupid piece of pornography." *** Fears that Ezra Pound, like Dreiser, has allowed Puritan pressures to convert him into a "mere bellower," and sees in this "a lesson for all of us."

1919. Advises writers to avoid N.Y. A detestable place. *** Sends Dreiser *The American Language*—"a gaudy piece of buncombe, rather neatly done." (But to Jim Tully in 1935: "You are quite wrong about the *AL.* It is worth every moment of time that I put into it. It will long outlast anything else that I have ever written.") *** "Free speech," he growls, "is absolutely abolished in America." *** Asks Van Vechten to do some *Smart Set* pieces on the carnalities and imbecilities of musicians and such. *** Praises Anderson's *Winesburg.* *** Refers to Chesterton as one of his pet idiots. *** Is told that Dreiser is in L.A., "being kept by some rich wench." *1920. Jurgen* suppressed, and the full horrors of Prohibition beginning to be felt. *** "Miss Cather dropped in . . . a much finer artist than she knows." *** M. writes off the theater as "an intellectual hogpen." *** Hails *Main Street.* *** "At work on *Prejudices II,* and, as usual, cursing God!" *** Dreiser's conversion to Bolshevism doesn't exactly surprise M. "He will end a Methodist, as I have always predicted. The fellow is soft."

1921. Joins the *Nation* as contributing editor—"a joke, the significance of which rather escapes me." *** Dreiser objects to Carl Van Doren's calling him a peasant. M. consoles him: "What if he did call you a peasant? In a sense you are. I see nothing opprobrious in the charge." *1923.* Informs Upton Sinclair that the *Am. Mercury* will be Tory in politics, "but civilized Tory." There will be no quarter, says M., "for the degraded cads who now run the country." *** He hears that Prof. Pattee "wears pulse-warmers and reads Whittier." *1924.* Sorely discomfits Sinclair by telling him that alcohol is the greatest of human inventions, greater even than "Hell, the radio or the bichloride tablet."

1925. M. rejects an article by his future wife, Sara Haardt. *1926.* Rejects a Scott Fitzgerald article *only* because it mentioned him, M. (Ye eds. and circuit-writers of our linkerary quarterlies please copy.) *1927.* M. says that if he ever marries, "it will be on a sudden impulse, as a man shoots himself." *1930.* He is on honeymoon in Canada. Montreal

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newsmen, he reports, took some appalling pictures. "In one of them Sara looks like a Japanese piewoman, and I appear to be an arctic explorer, brought home after 30 years."

1931. The Bolsheviks take over Dreiser, and M. begins to find him "too tragic to be borne." *1932.* Says he won't read *Ann Vickers,* if he can help it. Lewis, he opines, is turning into a Glad Writer. *** M. votes for F.D.R., and informs Pound that "Roosevelt is a weak sister, but he'll be better than Hoover"—an accurate quotation, we swear! *1934.* Predicts, somewhat cloudily, that Hitler "will be bumped off very soon." *** Much more clairvoyantly, he predicts that if Sinclair should be elected Gov. of Calif., he'd laugh himself to death.

1935. His wife dies—"a beautiful adventure," he wrote, "while it lasted." *** Thinks the Second Coming

may be near at hand. "Roosevelt's parodies of the Sermon on the Mount become more and more realistic." *1937.* Is told that P.E. More's end was very touching. Is sorry he never met More. "He really knew a great deal, but all his thinking was corrupted by piety." *1939.* M. is sure that the idealists in Washington are determined to get us into war. *** Finds *The Grapes of Wrath* "full of pink hooey." *** Considers the Pulitzer Prize editorials preposterous. Says he's "toying with a scheme to print a collection of them as a comic book." *** Dreiser thanks M. for *Happy Days:* "All the way through this book I am compelled to note how unlike Henry W. Longfellow you are"—surely one of the best things D. ever got off. *** M. confides to Billy Phelps—to whom all years, we suspect, were ineffably beautiful—that "the year just closing has been a dreadful one."

1942. "All the young reporters," he writes to an old colleague on the *Sun,* "are imitating *Time,* but," he adds, in a phrase worthy of the bronze tablets, "we old-timers must stand for the English language." (If *Time,* in its review of these letters, doesn't come up with the sobriquet, "Menck the Knife," we'll be surprised.) *** Drives a nail into his radio. *1944.* Writes Nathan that "it is later than we think." *1945.* Gives directions for his funeral. *1946.* Sues neighbor with a barking dog. *** Shows concern about "anchors against oblivion." *1947.* Describes the atom bomb "as the greatest invention that Yahweh has made since leprosy. Certainly it has given great glory to the Christian physicists of this country. Try to imagine a decent cannibal throwing it on a town full of women and children." *1956.* Dictates, four days before his death, a note of thanks to a little girl who had sent him a box of caramels.

P.S. *1961.* Memo to the shades of Wm. James, Henry Adams, Justice Holmes, Barrett Wendell, T. S. Perry, E. A. Robinson, John Jay Chapman, and Geo. Santayana: Will you gentlemen—Harvard men all, it just so happens—move in a little closer, please, so as to make room for one of your peers in the letter-writing art, an "outsider" from Baltimore?

Social Tranquilizer

HELMUT SCHOECK

NOT SO LONG ago the author of a successful college text wrote to this reviewer: "Today in the U.S. the textbook writer is always reminded of Leo Strauss' *Persecution and the Art of Writing;* much of what I really think needs saying must be put between the lines. My academic discipline exerts as rigid a thought control as the inquisition." We can measure the courage of Dr. Thomas S. Szasz by the fact that he has left very little, if anything, between the lines in *The Myth of Mental Illness.* His thesis is presented in clear print and abundantly documented. He opens by saying:

"I became interested in writing this book approximately ten years ago when, having become established as a psychiatrist, I became increasingly impressed by the vague, capricious, and generally unsatisfactory character of the widely used concept of mental illness . . . it made no *rational* sense. Although mental illness might have been a useful concept in the nineteenth century, today it is scientifically worthless and socially harmful. . . . In psychiatric circles it is almost indelicate to ask: 'What is mental illness?' "

Dr. Szasz believes that psychiatry could be a science; today it is not, nor is it moved in that direction by what its disciples are doing so proudly. Psychiatry must rid itself of the delusion that its practice and theory can go on imitating physical medicine (". . . medical psychotherapists, having had a medical training, only look like other doctors—just as hysterics only look like organically sick persons.") This book does not try "to debunk psychiatry," but it inquires into what psychiatrists and patients have done with and to one another. "He must be allowed to assume responsibility for the lines of action he has chosen. Being labeled 'sick' or 'ill' is of no help." The basic weakness of Freudian psychoanalytic theory, Dr. Szasz (and others) believes, "stems from the fact that Freud was much more interested in pointing up the defects" of morality "than he was in defining what sort of morality is appropriate for the adult, fully socialized human being."

The Myth of Mental Illness undoubtedly will be read and cited by many who have long had vague misgivings about Freudian doctrine. But whoever quotes from this book should never fail to state the qualifications of the author; his critics will probably try to drown them in their wailing: Dr. Szasz, as any reader of his numerous specialized papers

The Myth of Mental Illness, by Thomas S. Szasz, M. D. Hoeber-Harper, $7.50

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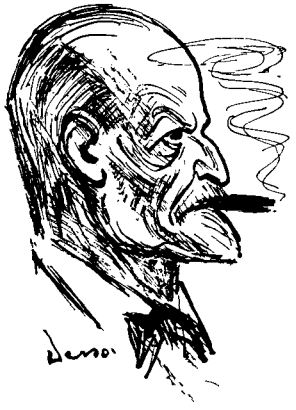
knows, is skilled in logic, philosophy and the theory of science. He took years of psychoanalytic training at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis and worked for five years on its staff. Since 1956, Dr. Szasz has been Professor of Psychiatry at the Upstate Medical Center of the State University of New York in Syracuse. In 1957 he published *Pain and Pleasure*, described as perhaps the first major study of the psychology of bodily feelings since Freud's *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*. In the past ten years Dr. Szasz has published some seventy papers in psychiatric and neurological journals.

In a little over 300 fluently written pages, followed by twenty pages of bibliography and a very good index, Dr. Szasz sets out to put psychiatry on a better and scientifically more sophisticated foundation than it has



Sigmund Freud

had so far. First he demolishes "some of the major false substantives" in the field, substituting for an outmoded conceptual framework (*e.g.*, "mental illness," "psychosis," "psychoanalytic treatment") a process theory of personal conduct. Current psychoanalytical theory, Szasz shows, is really a form of historicism: prediction from the past, it claims, is about the same in human affairs as it is in the physical realm. But we have no proof that the past is so powerful a determiner of the future. Unfortunately, "this unsupported and false theory of personal conduct has become widely accepted in our present day. It has even received legal approval . . . by the American criminal statutes that codify certain types of actions as potentially the results of 'mental illness.'"

Finally, one of the most striking aspects of Dr. Szasz's book is his attack upon the misuse of psychiatry as a social tranquilizer with which to sweep people and issues under the rug rather than face their existence and the merits of their arguments. "Virtually every human event from personal unhappiness and marital infidelity . . . to political misbehavior and deviant moral conviction—is regarded as a facet of the problem of mental illness." Szasz calls this the *panpsychiatric bias*. Let us hope the public will become as fluent with this new term as it has with *Oedipus complex, libido* and the rest.

A Strength of Song

GARRY WILLS

SWINBURNE'S output was not merely mountainous. Every year the mountain labored and brought forth another mountain, leaving the original Swinburne buried several strata below most later readers' mining equipment. Then he got put on T. S. Eliot's proscription list, his name directly under Milton's; and so the only way a self-respecting self-respecter could read him was under plain covers—an ironic fate for one who was once, on quite different grounds, hidden under misleading and "inoffensive" covers.

Swinburne, a Selection, by Dame Edith Sitwell. Harcourt, $5.75

The Swinburne Letters, edited by Cecil Y. Lang, vols. I-IV. Yale, $30

Edith Sitwell has taken from the vast body of Swinburne's work a small sampling, and prefaced it with an essay claiming that Swinburne was not only "a supreme technician," but "a great tragic poet." The approach resembles that she used in her book on Pope. At a time when Pope's stock had fallen almost as low as Swinburne's, she simply threw down before the reader some of those great solid lines like marble, and said, defiantly, "Tell me *that's* not poetry." No elaborate critical theory was offered. She did not think a "revival" of Pope had to wait for the invention of some new critical "gimmick." She gambled on the good sense of mankind and she remains, even to this day, one of the few who has won that bet.

This kind of defense is not equally successful in the Swinburne essay. Dame Edith points to exquisite rhythms and miraculous rhymes, to "the use of the same vowel, alternately dulled, then sharp, then dark," to the "recurring dimming dissonances." But few with ears to hear can doubt that Swinburne was a great musician, one of those few whom Pound chose as tests of technical mastery. It is her second claim, that Swinburne was a great tragic poet, which needs proving today, and on this the present book has nothing to offer. The proving of it will involve much more than an appeal to the ear or to common sense, since Swinburne's poetry is one of the most complex products of any literature, ancient or modern.

Swinburne was all the things he has been called—sadist and sophomore, facile and word-bemused. But somewhere in that little body, that twisted mind, that capacious memory, there was a tough, professional, thoroughly *classical* attitude toward the making of poetry—what Aeschylus calls "the strength of song." He was, of course, about eight times as learned as a Pound or an Eliot. He knew the entire body of Greek, Latin, and English poetry, and most of the French and Italian. Eliot himself has testified that no one so thoroughly knew the Elizabethans, Swinburne's constant study from the time he was twelve. As for Greek, he could not only construe the language (a knack Pound never acquired), but he understood the Greek ideal, its beauty but also its ambivalence; its ability to sustain side by side, in forms which seem to reconcile but only disguise, the widest-sundered worlds of the mind; its thwarted testimony, with all the ironic footnotes added to it by history. Perhaps no one since Marlowe, his hero, has achieved as well as Swinburne the peculiarly *classical*

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combination of idealism and cynicism through a conscious exercise of technique.

Swinburne is as full of learning, ironic echoes and cross-references, quotation and paradox and parody as Eliot; but he fuses them, like Sophocles, in a baffling ease of technique, a structure which never becomes mere commentary. Almost every poem he wrote is a devoted exercise in one or another accepted form, and at the same time a supreme satire on it. Ballad language and biblical, romantic and medieval myth, all turn back upon themselves in his hands.

In him, the ancient meters not only scan but sing. He grasped the classic concept of strophe and antistrophe as a closed and intricate cosmos of sound (which explains his inability to write the "open" and radiating form of language, prose). Yet even when writing the only Sapphics that surge like the originals, he must describe the barrenness that follows on such separated ecstacy. At the end of his poem, the song's lift and spring are weighted with the burden of the repeated *un-* compounds:

By the grey sea-side, unassuaged, unheard of,
Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of twilight,
Ghosts of outcast women return lamenting,
Purged not in Lethe.

SINCE Swinburne has become as fuzzy and wraithlike, in critics' eyes, as his poems are supposed to be, perhaps the best way to encounter man and poet is through his letters. Child and decadent, scholar and psychopath suddenly cohere in this massive correspondence, and the whole is considerably more than the sum of partial views presented by the biographers. The letters are full of absurd and self-conscious sadism, of splendid patriotism and acute literary judgments. It is true that a shrill note of hysteria is apparent everywhere; but the astonishing thing is that the hard masculine part of his mind remained steady in its essential judgments. Though strung taut to quiver with all the surrounding vibrations of a decadent romanticism, he deliberately pushed against this atmosphere by summoning and asserting a classical tradition which went far deeper in him than the texts and tags of scholars.

What is left of the scandalous letters, so long referred to in hushed terms and used to blackmail Swinburne while he lived, are now presented in Mr. Lang's complete edition. (The rest have been burned in that checkered history which, the editor remarks in his witty notes, seems at times like a continuous holocaust.) But the sadistic reveries on flogging are not worse than passages in such poems as "Anactoria." Time is cruel to all sensationalists, including Swinburne's own "dear Marquis," and the first volume of these letters, which contains the most prolonged attempts to sup on horrors, is the dullest by far. It is rather the paradoxical, disciplined, critical mind—though under the foam of roses and romance—which will catch the reader's attention these days. Swinburne's extensive advice sent to editors of Chapman, Blake and Shelley show learning and scholarly standards rarely encountered even in an age of editors; it is fitting that he meet with one who comes up to these standards in Mr. Lang. The collection has filled four volumes, and will go to six—nearly two thousand letters, presumably with an index in the last volume. To dip frequently into the handsome set will be a continuing pleasure and education.

Men and Manners

Steerage to Suburbia

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

HARTFORD, Connecticut, where I grew up in the thirties and forties, had two dominant social groups: the Irish Catholics—of whom I was a third-generation member in good standing—and *Them*. *Them* were the White Anglo-Saxon Protestants who worked in Hartford, but lived in fashionable West Hartford and nearby Farmington, and who owned the black balls that controlled the membership rolls of the Bachelors' Club, Cotillion Club, Junior League and Hartford Golf Club. The Irish called them them "the Yanks," partly in derision, but mostly in envy, for the Hartford Irish wanted little more out of life than to cross Prospect Avenue, the social barricade that was the border between Hartford and West Hartford.

The Edge of Sadness, by Edwin O'Connor. Little, Brown, $5.00

All of these thoughts came back to me as I read *The Edge of Sadness*, Edwin O'Connor's first major novel since *The Last Hurrah* in 1956. O'Connor is the archivist of those New England Irish Catholics who have made the uneasy three-generation journey from steerage to suburbia. Both outrageously funny and compassionately understanding, he has perceptively chronicled their struggles, customs and eccentricities. But the archivist faces the danger of forgetting his responsibilities as a novelist, a fact that places *The Edge of Sadness* in the ambivalent position of being a poor novel and yet a good book.

Despite promising materials, nothing happens in *The Edge of Sadness*. Action is advanced by reminiscence and by two characters talking of a third. Rather than dialogue, the characters speak paragraphs. Nevertheless, O'Connor has still written an absorbing book because he has brilliantly captured the parochialism of the still unassimilated Irish Catholic character. And in Ted O'Donnell, O'Connor witheringly and sadly sketches the product of assimilation.

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"He's a smart, p'lite lad," says Charlie of Ted, "nice and neat with the tight suit and the narrow shoulders with no paddin', and has lots of thoughts, but they're all for himself. I'm a tough man and John is a cold one, but with all the nice manners and soft voice, Ted just starting out is tougher and colder than the both of us put together."

O'Connor's lament for Ted's loss of ethnic identity particularly struck me because I am of the same homogenized generation. Moreover, my family bears certain striking similarities to the Carmodys. Like Charlie, my grandfather, who came to the U.S. in his early teens during the 1870's, made his money in real estate and shrewd stock investments, pyramiding the ownership of a grocery store into a million dollars and the founding and board chairmanship of a bank. Unlike Charlie, however, he was a local philanthropist ("Unfortunately," his grandchildren invariably said). Like Charlie, he had two daughters (there were no sons); my aunt lived with him until he died; my mother married a doctor. My brothers and sisters and I were like Ted, except more so. We were Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Williams, Republican, Cotillion, Bachelors', Junior League, Hartford Golf Club—and all this from a house at the foot of Prospect Hill. In short, We Had Arrived.

But somewhere along the way, we had lost something. We became slightly ashamed of our origins, slightly patronizing toward the Irish still on the make. When I was in school I carefully refrained from mentioning that my grandfather was a grocer, and wondered why he had to go to his store every day and put on a long white coat and straw boater when he was in his eighties and rich. Often my proper West Hartford friends would ask me where my father, who had gone to Catholic University and Harvard Medical School, had gone to college. I always answered Harvard.

The right schools were important in hastening the process of assimilation—the right Catholic schools, because as it was acknowledged that we were going to non-Catholic colleges, we needed Catholic preparation. A "right" school sent a large percentage of its graduates to the Ivy League schools; Canterbury and Portsmouth Priory were in; Cranwell and the Catholic military schools were out. Though she had sons who were graduates of Harvard, Princeton and Williams, my mother always wanted a son to go to Yale, because Hartford was a Yale town, and Yale was where *They* went to school.

My homogenized generation was acutely aware of the uneasy social relations between our parents' generation and the White Anglo-Saxon Protestants. At one very social wedding between a Catholic girl with the right credentials and the scion of a first family, it looked as if two separate receptions were being given, one for *Them* and one for us. Only the younger generation crossed the no man's land between the two groups. At a posh Connecticut beach resort where practically all the cottages were owned by Hartford people, a snack bar and notion counter divided the line of beach cabanas into two equal sections. One section was entirely Irish, the other entirely Yankee. The Irish called the two sections the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

Each winter the Irish would devour the newspaper accounts of the young men and women who were invited to join the Bachelors' and the Junior League or to come out in the Holly Ball, to see if any Irish Catholics had made the grade. One close Catholic friend, who finally made the Junior League shortly before her age would have eliminated her from consideration, moaned to me: "My God, I'm thirty years old and the rest of the girls are just kids. I must be the oldest Provisional Member in history." There were also more subtle differences between us and *Them*. Their maids were usually either Negroes or old family retainers. Ours were always wayward girls from the House of the Good Shepherd.

Though I do not often get to Hartford now, I know that most of the Hartford Irish still regard West Hartford as a suburb of heaven. The Irish, despite their persistent recollections of the bad old days, are thoroughly assimilated, with a Boston Irishman in the White House and a Philadelphia contractor's daughter the Princess of Monaco to prove it. As the old ties steadily atrophy, as the old verve and guts and determination is replaced by "the nice manners and soft voice," I realize that I am the poorer for having lost my Irish, and that my children will be poorer still.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

AMERICA IN BRITAIN'S PLACE, by Lionel Gelber (Praeger, $5). "Damn you, England," shrilled John Osborne, A.Y.M., recently. "You're rotting now, and quite soon, you'll disappear." Don't bet on it. This choppy but sensible study of Anglo-American coalition diplomacy, written from a Canadian's middle ground, traces Britain's neat trick of yielding place to the U.S., yet remaining up front in Western policy-making. Lapses there have been, notably the great divergence over Suez; Mr. Gelber argues plausibly that Washington would have done better to follow Whitehall against Nasser than to team up with the Kremlin against its "colonialist" allies. And he coins a delightful phrase to describe UN meddling—"moral imperialism." But Britain, for the most part, has had little difficulty making its influence felt on U.S. policy; the sticky part is deciding what U.S. policy is. While saying some predictably solemn things about McCarthyism, Mr. Gelber also asks a number of shrewd questions about the way policy is made and stated on these shores. Who speaks for America? What with Adlai, Bobby, Chet, Arthur and Dean on the wicket all at once, it's the sort of question to trouble orderly minds bent on self-preservation. R. WHALEN

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND WORLD REVOLUTION, by Guenther Nollau (Praeger, $7.50). Those who do not appreciate the role of force in Communism may be somewhat startled by Guenther Nollau's history of international Communism. Nollau, a civil servant in the Bonn government, is able to sort out the national from the international aspect. It is an international movement, to be sure, but Soviet national Communism is the key. That national Communism, he says, has "tyrannized the international Communist movement ever since 1925, and the peoples of East Europe since 1945, with a severity unequalled by any imperialist power." This is a volume fit to be placed alongside Dr. Stefan Possony's *A Century of Conflict* and to replace Borkenau's interesting but frequently inaccurate *The Communist International* and his even less accurate *European Communism*. W. D. JACOBS

OLD HOUSE OF FEAR, by Russell Kirk (Fleet, $3.95). The Gothic romance has been almost extinct in our day; its complex and civilized evocation of attenuated horror is hardly in fashion in an era which gives respectful attention to the gross sadisms of a Raymond Chandler or a Mickey Spillane. We have, it is true, approached the *genre* in some of the best of our detective-story and science-fiction writers, and in the "entertainments" of Graham Greene. Like the creation of true satire and the high art of the windows of Chartres, however, the secret of making a Gothic tale has seemed a lost skill; but Russell Kirk has thoroughly proved the contrary in *Old House of Fear*. It is terrifying, ingeniously constructed, and truly Gothic. To say more would betray the suspense and the dénouement.

F. S. MEYER

THE DESERT GENERALS, by Correlli Barnett (Viking, $6.00). There is little nobility left in modern war. An impersonal technology dominates military thought and action. Yet one isolated segment of World War II earned the reputation of being actually chivalrous: the two-year struggle (1940-42) between Rommel's Italo-German army and British-led Commonwealth troops. With virtually no civilians or cities and a featureless terrain, chess-like battles were fought. The combatants, from general to private, were individually involved. And, if Norman Cousins will let me say it, a man's worth became as plain as desert shadows: his highest virtues frequently displayed, his worst instincts seldom. Mr. Barnett fights the heroic struggle over again in this, an excellent book, which moves as swiftly as its heroes. His opinions are strong and well argued, and his judgments differ markedly from the usual, *e.g.*, he finds Montgomery a vain braggart, victorious only because of overwhelming material superiority.

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To the Editor

A Battle Cry

The article by Prakash Jain [September 23] makes most uncommon sense. We *do* need a battle cry to rally the Free World. It seems that the free people have the minds, the bodies and the souls for good but, in modern days, the forces of evil have the voices to further their ends. Good people know deep down that their tenets are right, their principles sound and that truth will ultimately prevail but they somehow take it for granted that such things are so evident that "they go without saying." Meanwhile the evil ones are most articulate and their lies are ranted unceasingly till, sad to say, great masses pay heed and, for a time at least, believe.

Let us therefore, as Mr. Jain so aptly puts it, develop a relevant philosophy of man and society that will recognize the need for our own ideological dynamism. Let us start with a battle cry which, I suggest, could be Truth, Freedom and Charity. . . .

Hartsdale, N.Y. ARTHUR L. HAWLEY

I should like to commend your publication for the excellently reasoned contribution by Prakash C. Jain. I feel certain that its content is valid for general and actual application at most times, including the present.

When briefly in Germany after the War, in late 1945, I regretted the emphasis placed on the importance of bathtubs, and other accessories, to creature comfort, believing that the Germans possessed the capacity to respond to the call of a cause outside and beyond themselves. It was up to us to see that the call should be to a worthy cause. I am not sure that we fully realized our opportunities.

Washington, D.C. JEFFERSON PATTERSON

Prakash C. Jain wants a battle cry based on a spiritual philosophy. We had such a cry at one time: "Give me liberty or give me death!" Before we abandoned it, it had carried us to the spiritual and material leadership of the world. The philosophy behind the cry is detailed in the Declaration of Independence, whose essence is: "Liberty was given us by God. Government is the enemy of Liberty, and must be restricted within narrow limits."

The great philosophies of the past were based on emotions which, in turn, were apparently inspired by intuitive knowledge of the truth. On the contrary, Jain would have a synthesized philosophy necessarily produced by a nation "with resources, scholarship, and ability." Such brews are being concocted and spewed out almost daily by the chancelleries of the great powers, and endorsed by ecclesiatic politicians. Their essence is: "Government is the only God, and Marx is its prophet."

Los Angeles, Cal. WILLIAM F. MAHER

Nuclear War

I am astonished to find a review like Brent Bozell's "Nuclear War and the Moral Law" [September 23] in what purports to be a *modern* journal commenting on *current* affairs. I had assumed such theological hair-splitting went out with the thirteenth century. It is difficult to determine who has the more cavalier point of view: "Nuclear-war-is-nothing" Bozell or "Kiloton" Ramsey.

Do these scholastics not realize that *nothing* one can conceive of would be worse than an all-out nuclear war, with the disastrous effects that it entails? . . . A plague on both your houses.

Worcester, Mass. E. A. CARLSON

Advance Logic

If there were indeed a right-wing revival evangelizing America, one would expect groups like New York's Young Conservative Campaign Committee to prove their point by running candidates in districts without Republican incumbents.[1]

But what makes one suspect that most of the current activity has factional rather than partisan motivation[2] is the emphasis on trying to unseat incumbent progressives in Republican primaries. The attitude seems to be that if you can't beat big-state Democrats, you should at least "purify" the GOP of candidates who can.[3]

Now, we thought you folks gave up when Senator Case romped over Mr.

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Morris in New Jersey; but then recently up popped angry young adman Edward Nash to oppose old Stanley Isaacs in the N.Y. City Council primary, and be appropriately trounced.[5] And *still* the Right comes back: Rep. Rousellot of California and John Birch fame aches for a go at Sen. Kuchel;[6] *NR's* own Bill Buckley is said to be interested[7] in opposing Rep. John Lindsay of New York; Rep. Brad Morse of Massachusetts is another young progressive reported to be a right-wing target.

In any case, it does look like an interesting spring, and if the primaries are the best way to explode the myth of a rightist renascence, then "see you at the polls"![8]

Cambridge, Mass. BRUCE K. CHAPMAN
Publisher, *Advance*

1) Why? Conservatives are concerned for Republican successes only insofar as they further conservative principles. Extraordinary *how easy it is to surprise a Liberal Republican! 2) Don't understand the difference. 3) Correct. 4) We have only begun to fight. 5) Nash got 42 per cent of the vote. 6) Wouldn't you too, if you were a principled Conservative? 7) By what is said to be a newspaper. 8) We'll see you there. But remember, we never said we were a majority. We only claim to be right. By the way, the Liberal-Republican* Advance *was organized to approve the rightist renascence, wasn't it? Or are you maybe just witchhunters?* —ED.

Take Leaf from Liberals

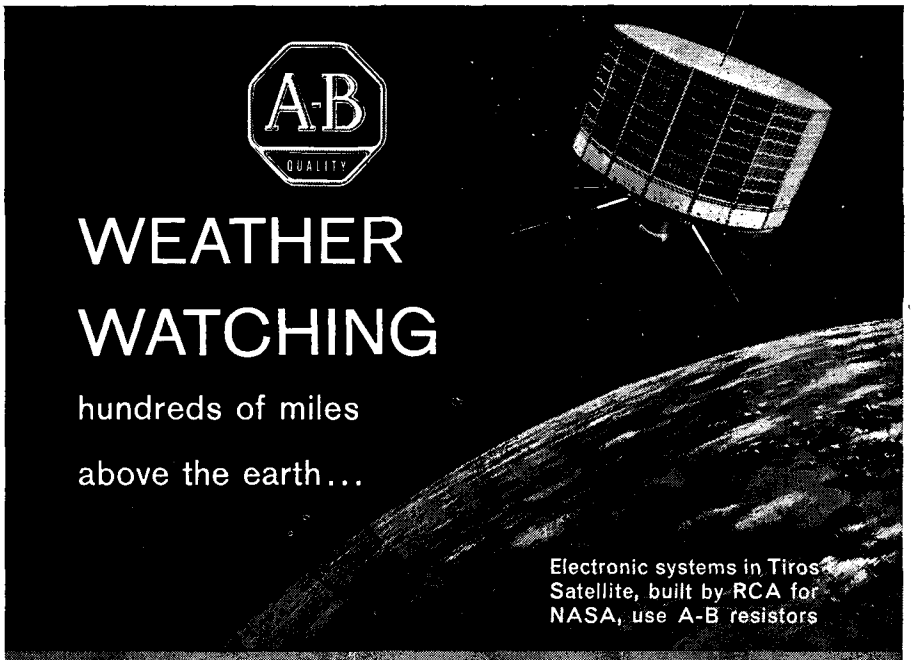
Where's the old conservative spirit? Why are no "Tanks for Tshombe" committees forming? Is it only the Liberals who take care of their own?

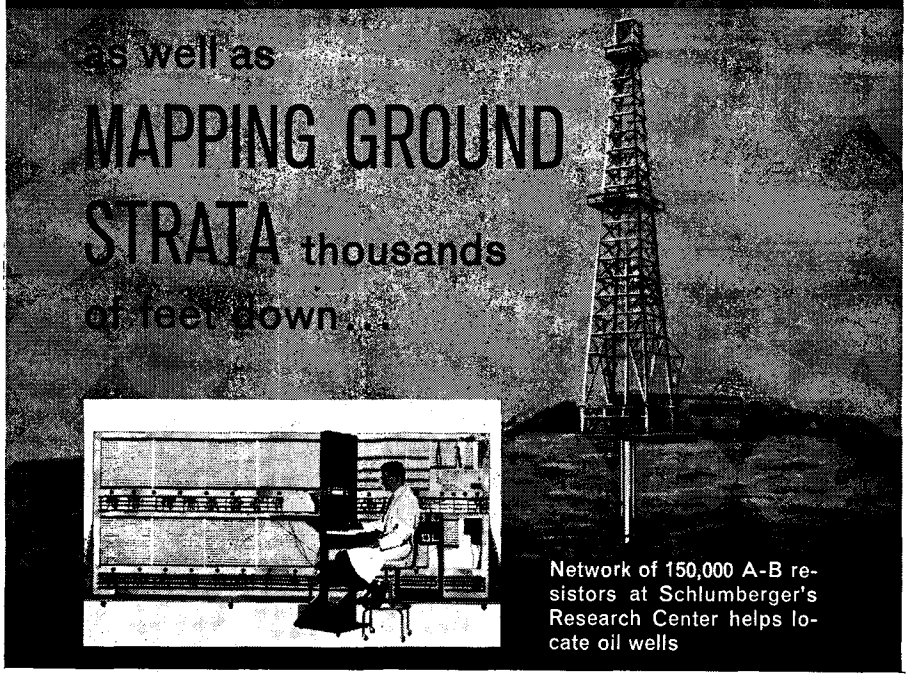
Mercer Island, Wash. ANITA CURRY

The Money-Tree

Looking back 63 years, I found a bill introduced into the Congress of the United States which might be a whiz for our present New Frontier pump primers.

In February 1898 Milford W. Howard, a Populist Congressman from this District (5th) of Alabama, introduced "A Bill To Change The Nature, Improve The Form and Increase The Volume Of The Currency." The bill directed the Secretary of the Treasury to retire all outstanding redeemable currency of the United States as fast as received back into

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the Treasury, with a new national currency. There was an explanatory preamble too long to quote.

Next the bill provided that the money of the United States should be mills, cents, dimes, dollars, eagles, condors and talents. A condor was to be ten eagles or $100, and a talent was ten condors or $1,000. All were to be paper currency and sizes were given.

The Treasury was directed to pay forthwith all debts of the United States with this new currency. Then the Treasury was directed to distribute to each local authority (states, counties and cities) an amount of this new currency equal to $40 per capita, with which to pay off all local debts and be tax free.

Finally, the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized and directed to pay a national dividend of one talent to each citizen of the United States over the age of 21 who claimed it after passage of law.

The way we are throwing away billions, our money may be worth about as much as this dream stuff would have been.

Ft. Payne, Ala. ROBERT B. THOMAS

D'Accord

In his short review of Dr. Z. Michael Szaz' *Germany's Eastern Frontiers* [September 23], Mr. M. S. Evans out-Germans the Germans in underwriting unqualifiedly "the German case" on the frontier issues. No one acquainted with the history of central and eastern Europe will suppose that matters are quite so black and white. It would be a grievous political as well as historical error for our government to bind itself to a simplistic solution of the Oder-Neisse and related problems.

Burlington, Iowa GEORGE C. HILL

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We Pray for Him Every Day

There must be many other occassional and regular readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, such as I, who were pleased with your well-reasoned call for the Atlantic Common Market [August 12]. Let us all hope and pray that our own President will soon see the matter this clearly, and act vigorously on it.

New York City JOHN M. KLINE

Likes Kempton

Murray Kempton's review of *The Making of the President 1960,* by T. H. White, in the September 9 issue is a brilliant piece of critical analysis. His portraits of the personalities involved are perceptive, incisive, and informative. In addition, he considers the underlying rationale of the 1960 comedy with refreshing perspective. A really first-rate job.

Houston, Tex. WAYNE G. SLIFE

Warmonger

Where are the demonstrations and objections to nuclear testings by the Soviet Union? There were universal demonstrations and objections to any proposed testings by the United States, but now there seem to be no such actions pertaining to Soviet tests.

Shouldn't this point be publicized?

Arlington, Va. W. WILSON BOUSMAN

Mr. Hall's Verse

The poem, "The Child," by Donald Hall [September 9] expresses, to say the least, the simplicity of a child, the freedom of a child who daily discovers the sunlight of heaven and who has not yet been plunged into the darkness of hell.

Spokane, Wash. JAMES OLSEN

Blackmail

I do not think the John Birch Society has realized its full revenue potential. Think what the results would be if, for example, they offered membership to "neutral" foreign governments. Such governments could then demand U.S. foreign aid to prevent them from being drawn into the John Birch conspiracy.

One cannot help but shudder when picturing the ensuing scene of panic in our Administration. The round table would be convened and our leader would begin his deathlike walk around the circle, every now and then pointing the eternal finger of fate at each knight. Most would merely nod in the affirmative, but the "wise one" would nod knowingly and say, "It has come to pass, after all, we told you fascism was our real danger"; and in the end they would agree to pay. The monster must be sated.

I don't think a ten per cent commission would be out of line, do you Mr. Welch?

Kansas City, Mo. JERRY HARKINS JR.

Dag Hammarskjold

The praise paid to Dag Hammarskjold has been so overwhelming that a plea for restraint should be made. He refused to pay tribute to America and her fighting men who bore most of the burden of the UN action in Korea. He was pressured by the Soviets to force the courageous Povl Bang-Jensen to disclose the names of anti-Communist Hungarian informants; Mr. Bang-Jensen was fired when he refused. The current UN action in the Congo shows that Mr. Hammarskjold was so intimidated by Soviet criticism that the UN initiated the fighting against the anti-Red Tshombe government. . . .

The great crisis of this century is the expansion of Communist tyranny; praise should be reserved for those who try to thwart this enemy, not those who are indifferent to it.

Brooklyn, N.Y. DENIS KILLEEN

Foul play was no more evident in the death of Hammarskjold than it was in the death of Bang-Jensen.

Chicago, Ill. HARRY L. STERN

Slogan of Surrender

Some notable European intellectuals are crying: "Better Red than dead." This slogan of abject surrender should be debated by our Ivy League colleges. I'm sure some students will reiterate "Give me liberty or give me death," to the embarrassment of the most Liberal of the professors.

New York City ANDREW HENTZ

All Liberals

Mr. James H. Ware, in advocating an inexpensive guide "on how to tell a Liberal from a Communist" ["To The Editor," August 26], is apparently unaware that such a guide is really unnecessary. The Liberals themselves solved this problem years ago by defining Communism as "a Russian political party." If we postulate the correctness of any position, evidence to the contrary, by definition, can-

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not exist: therefore, all rather radical left-wing non-Russians are Liberals. If anyone disputes this thesis, let him ask Eleanor or Adlai; he'll soon find that it's all a figment of his reactionary imagination.

Wichita, Kans. JOE M. COBB

NR's Targets

You don't seem to realize how creative two of your targets really are. Harry Truman invented "war without victory," and Castro, not to be outdone by a Yankee imperialist, reacts with the creation of "victory without war."

New York, N. Y. CLEMENT C. MASON, JR.

Export-Import Problem

In his second State of the Union address, President Kennedy asked for additional billions for space and stated "I believe we shall go to the moon." This follows recent requests for legislation to discourage American travel abroad and entice Europeans to vacation here.

I wonder if Mr. Kennedy has vigorously explored the possibility of bringing the moon to us?

China Lake, Cal. FREDERICK J. MILLER

Eureka!

Mr. Neil McCaffrey says in his letter to the editor [August 26] "The times cry out for a Catholic journal of opinion that draws its inspiration from the lessons of the past, the dangers of the present, and the hard reality of original sin."

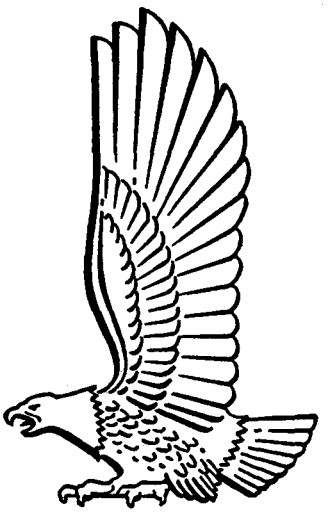
His cries are heard and answered. *The Wanderer* is a weekly journal published every Thursday at 128 East 10th Street, St. Paul 1, Minnesota. Since its first publication in 1867, it has met the qualifications asked by Mr. McCaffrey.

St. Paul, Minn. SUSAN SOUCHUAG

Through the Looking Glass

David N. Rowe's "A Peace Corps in Reverse?" [September 23] makes sense. Perhaps we can't blame the U.S.-trained students from Asia and Africa for wanting to remain in the West. And commendable altruism is shown by those young Americans who, armed with a smattering of Ghanese or Hindustani, set forth under the Peace Corps banner for distant deserts and jungles. But think of the waste of money and efficiency involved in such an Alice-in-Wonderland procedure!

New York City MARY W. NASH



". . . We must consider what state all men are naturally in, and that is a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their possessions and persons as they think fit."

—John Locke in "Civil Government"

Individual freedom is a natural thing. It comes to us from our Creator as part and parcel of our humanity. It's nothing we have taken from others . . . nothing bestowed on us by a benevolent government.

Yet, proponents of the welfare state seek to rob us of this innate freedom—first through socialized medicine, farm subsidies and federal control of business . . . ultimately through socialization of every phase of activity we know.

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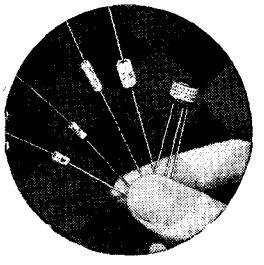

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CLEVELAND. Wm. F. Buckley Jr. debates Michael Harrington: "Liberalism is Bankrupt" at 8:15 in the Lakewood Civic Auditorium, Tuesday night, October 24. Call your friends, make up a party, but reserve your tickets today. Call or write Gilbert Dubray, Westheimer and Co., 1612 East Ohio Building, Cleveland 14, Ohio, CH 1-8227.

MINNESOTA CONSERVATIVES CITIZENS COMMITTEE presents a series of three lectures: "An Evening with National Review" with Wm. F. Buckley Jr., James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer, October 9; Ronald Regan, January 29; Senator Thomas J. Dodd, May 14. Series tickets now available at $6.00. Individual lecture, $3.00. For tickets write or call Mrs. Pritchard, P.O. Box 6152, Minneapolis 24, Minn. WA 2-1285.

JOSEPH McD. MITCHELL will be guest speaker at Conservative League meeting October 10, 8:30 p.m. Jager House, Lexington at 85th Street. Non-member donation $1.00.

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The Ordeal

In the interest of conserving the American tradition of naming quasi-socialist experiments as "deals" over the last thirty years or so, I solicit your aid, as a magazine dedicated to the preservation of tradition, in offering J. F. K. a more apt name than "New Frontier."

I can think of only four names. "New Deal" and "Fair Deal" have already been used. "Ideal," we must save for the Goldwater Administration. That seems to narrow the choice down to "The Ordeal" unless some of your readers can suggest a better title.

Metuchen, N.J. KIM P. JACU

Burnham on Angola

This is a rather belated note to say how much I appreciated James Burnham's article, "Image: In What Mirror?" [July 15]. In it were made many points, which badly needed making, about Portugal's position in Africa and the United States' attitude to our policy of "standing firm" there. I thought that the style of writing and presentation of the argument was excellent and I congratulate Mr. Burnham on a fine piece of work.

PEDRO THEOTONIO PEREIRA
Ambassador of Portugal

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher, William A. Rusher, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.; Editor, William F. Buckley Jr., 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Priscilla L. Buckley, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

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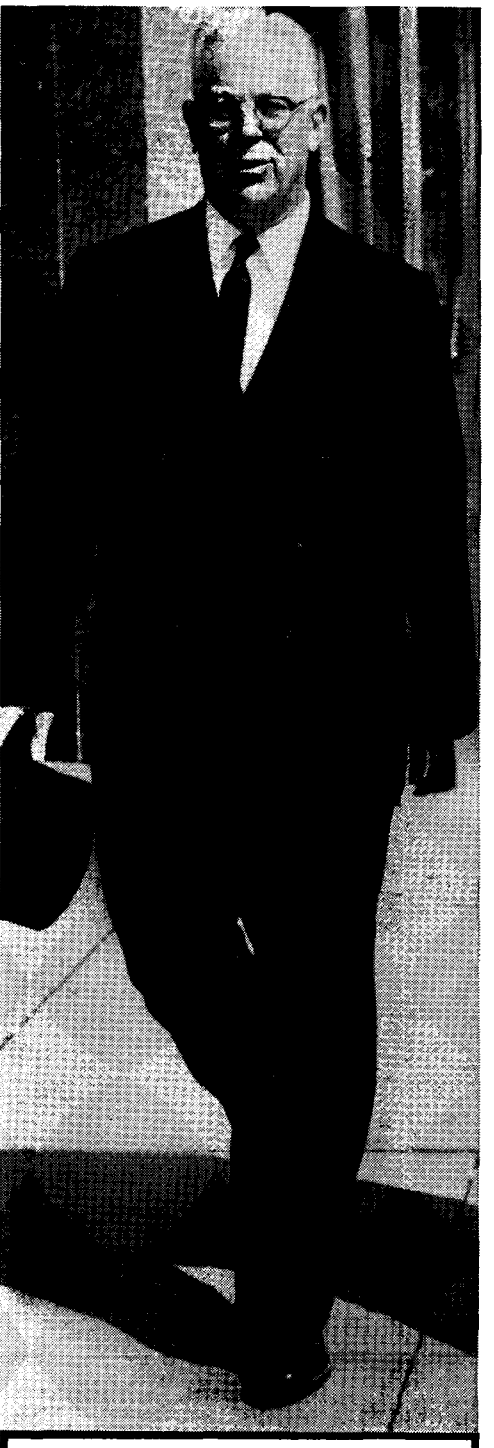
IMPEACHMENT?

Should CONSERVATIVES Seek Earl Warren's Impeachment?



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